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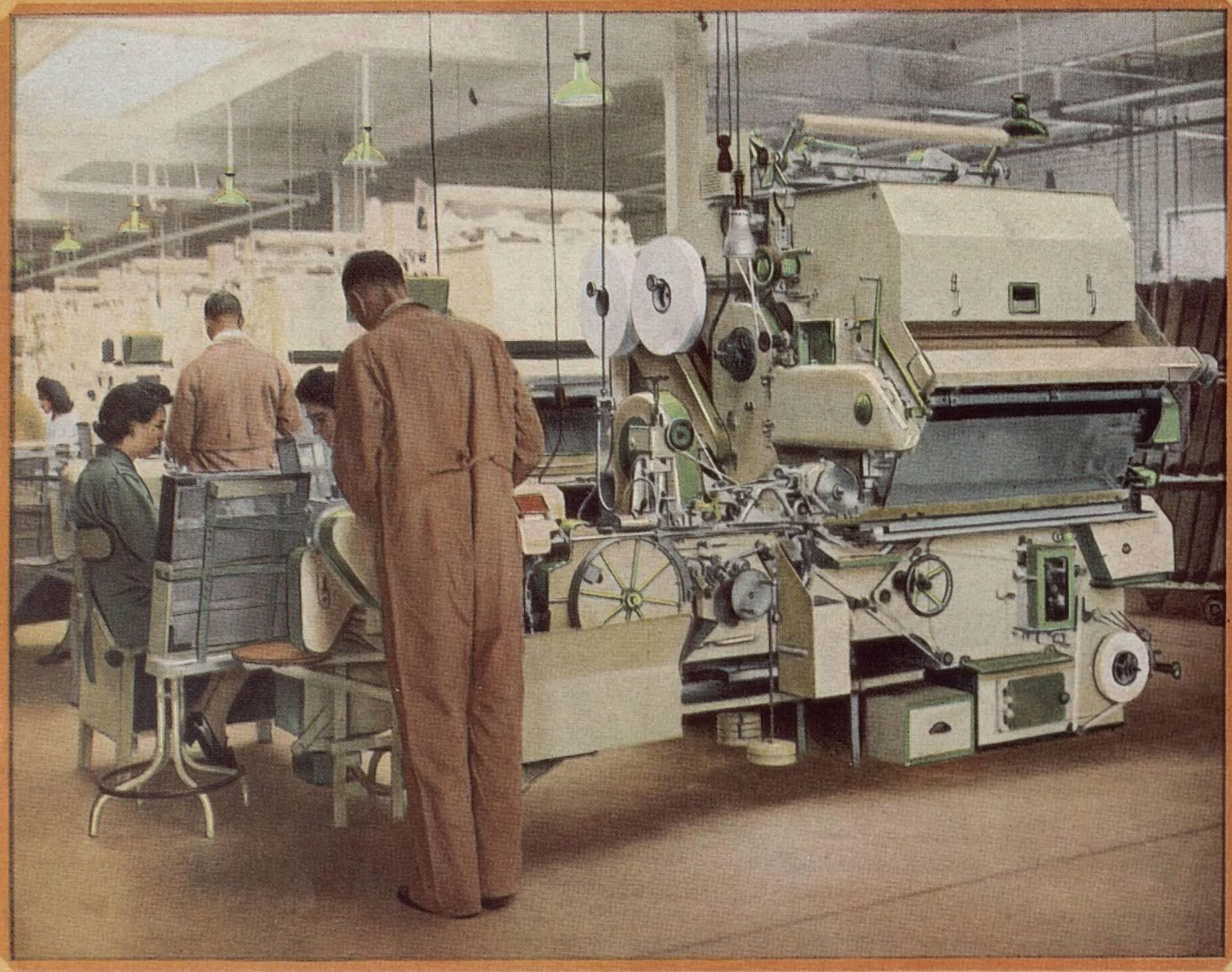

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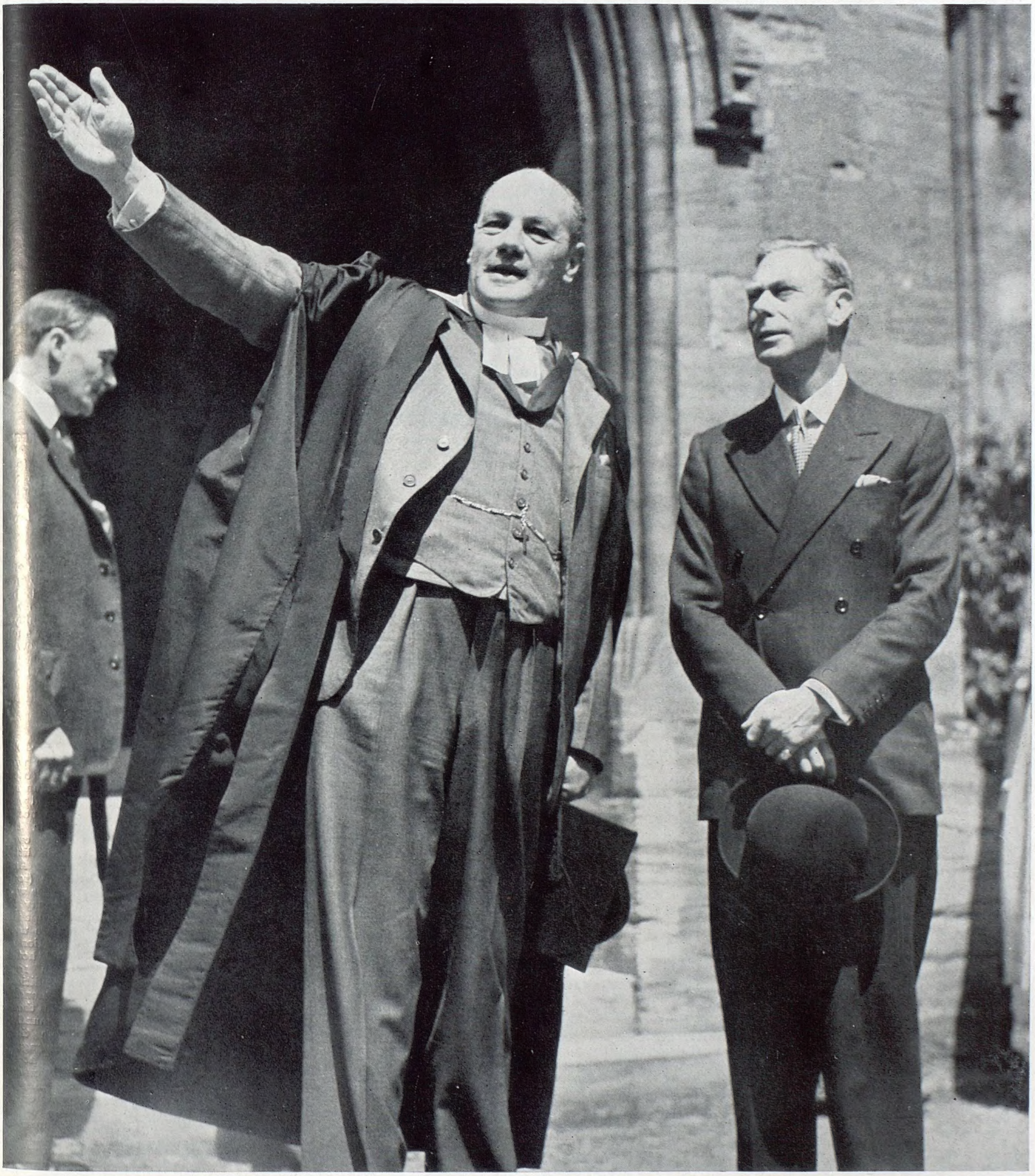


SHERBORNE'S QUADRIGENARY—THE HEADMASTER, CANON ROSS WALLACE, CONDUCTING THE KING ROUND THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS DURING THE ROYAL VISIT MARKING THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRANTING OF SHERBORNE'S CHARTER BY EDWARD VI : The King and Queen after touring the school joined the headmaster and between eighty and ninety of the boys at lunch. There were rousing cheers when it became known that, at the King's request, five days' extra holiday has been granted

Sherborne as a town, as a bishopric and a school has a history going back over 1,200 years, but it is 400 years since Edward VI, the refounder, granted his charter to the school, making the governing body one of the first purely lay educational corporations in England. To mark this 400th anniversary, the King and Queen went down to Sherborne last week, where they were given a great reception by the boys and by many thousands of people who flocked into the town from the surrounding countryside. During their tour of the school the King and Queen watched a rehearsal of a chronicle play written for the quadrigenary celebrations by an old Sherburnian, Mr. V. C. Clinton Baddeley. A private visit was also paid to Sherborne Abbey, where Their Majesties saw a tablet commemorating the burial-place nearby of the two Saxon Kings, Ethelbald and Ethelbert, brothers of King Alfred. On pages 389, 390-91 of this issue is a special feature entitled "Four Hundred Years of Sherborne School."

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

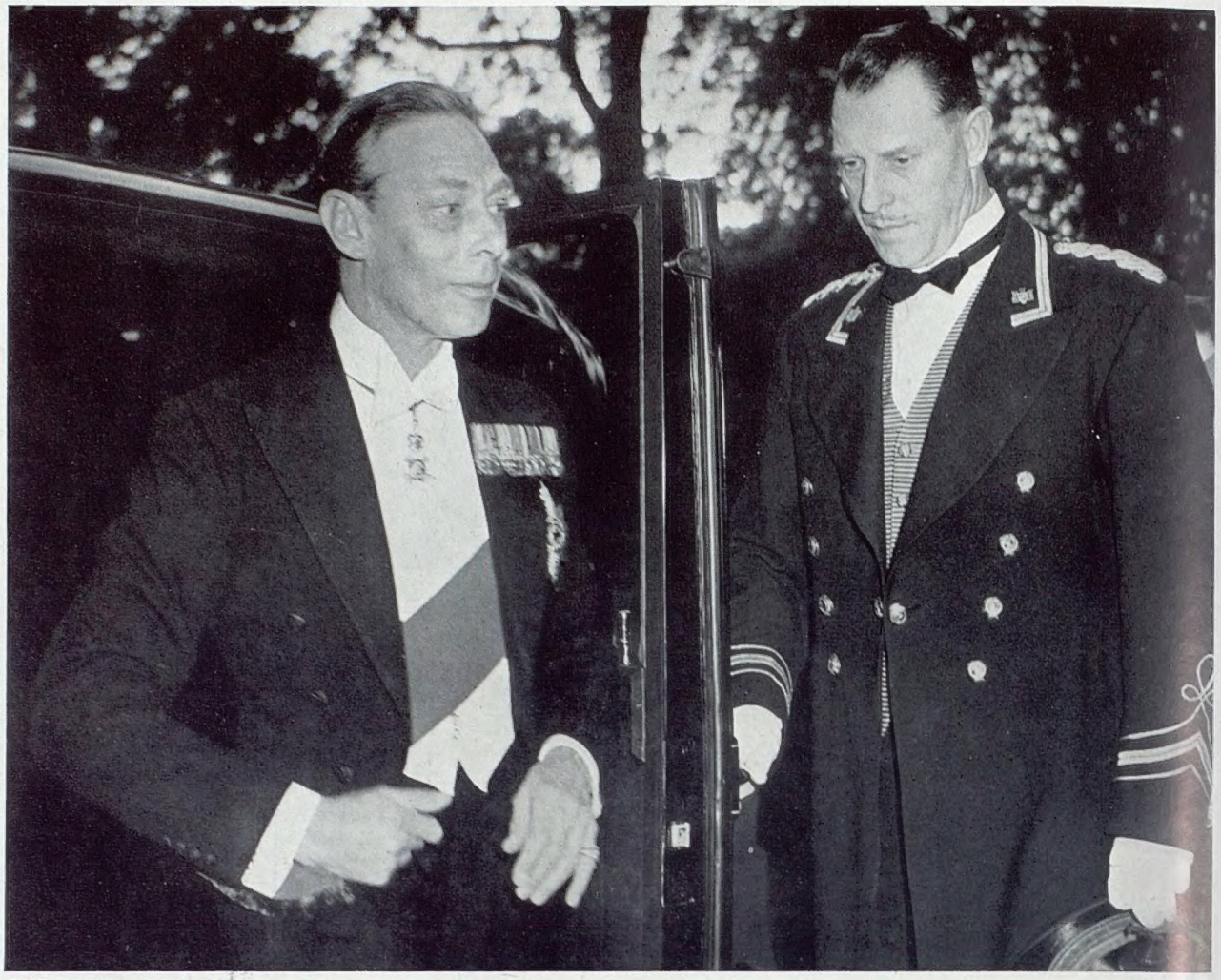
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Perfidious Albion.—The Schuman plan for integrating European heavy industries was hailed as a saviour and a brainwave. By none more so than by British Ministers, who have been preaching far and wide to less liberal nations the absolute necessity of sacrificing national interests and sovereignty if the Western world is to strengthen timeously to resist Communism. But now Britain has examined this brainwave more closely and asks for more time. There is a feeling that it looks like asking for the surrender of some *British* national interests. So long as the sacrifices were all on the other side of the water, the British Government thought the plan a winner. I am afraid this occasion to charge Albion with the traditional perfidy is quite inevitable. We are that sort of democracy which has in it a strong tang of industrial salt, and there must be a good deal of talk round tables before British industry is harnessed to new horses. Unfortunately, time is not on the side of M. Schuman. His plan depended on a *succès d'estime*, it was a thing to be rushed through with a surprise attack against Communist resistance and with the temporary support of the Socialists. Any delay is dangerous, and it is peculiarly unfortunate for our Government's reputation for sincerity that the call for delay must come from us. "Sincerity and sacrifice . . . my foot"—the French have a word for it. They always have (and had) the *mot juste* with which to describe the hypocrisy of Albion. And really poor Albion has not always been guilty. She dislikes sudden moves and prefers to look before she leaps. When she does sign on the dotted line, she usually honours her signature.

Wavell of Winchester.—How right was the decision that Lord Wavell's bones should rest in the Cloister Garth at Winchester; right from every imaginable point of view, past, present and future, a tribute to a great tradition and a great soldier, an example for generations yet unborn. The Wavells have been Winchester men—connected with the city and the school—for many centuries, certainly for five. Nine of the name have been Mayors of the City, and Wavells have been educated at the school almost since its foundation. The Garth, the school's old cemetery, is not often disturbed. It is reserved only for the most famous of the school's alumni. Lord Chelmsford was buried there in 1933. The deaths of notable men naturally bring forth new judgments on their qualities. These may be of two kinds. They may confirm a commonly accepted reputation or they may persuade the public that a great man has died whose qualities had not been fully appreciated. With Lord Wavell, it is a case of tardy recognition. His outstanding qualities were never generally appreciated. He was not the advertising sort. The worth of this calm, quiet man was appreciated by the circle of his friends and those who worked closest with him, and for them the usual obituary adulation could add nothing to their existing knowledge and appreciation. Manners makyth man. Wavell was a true Wykehamist—some might say, not in all aspects exactly true to type. Above all, he had a many-sided mind.

C. B. Fry.—At the age of seventy-eight, that schoolboys' hero, C. B. Fry, has retired from the directorship of the training-ship *Mercury*, which for over forty years has been his life's work. It appears that his resignation was not entirely a voluntary decision. The Merchant Navy owes to him and Mrs. Fry a debt of gratitude not easy to assess for the recruits whom they sent to sea, fitted mentally and physically for that vital national service. We all remember the famous trio of super-undergraduates who adorned Wadham at Oxford in the early '90's—Simon J., Smith F. E. and Fry C. B. All three were first-class scholars, and great things were prophesied for them. And not idly. Two of them became Lord Chancellors of England. And two of the triumvirate survive to this day. What is success in life? The Woolsack or a sackful of achievements, of which a majority are never advertised or materially rewarded; private, undisclosed assets? At Oxford, and for years after, it was the chap who didn't become Lord Chancellor who had the limelight and the public worship. He made history and records in the world of sport until he could make no more. He was every schoolboy's hero. He played cricket (as many will remember), he was an England "cap" for soccer; he set up a world long-jump record which stood for many years. He didn't become Lord Chancellor, being perhaps too preoccupied with more pressing tasks. But in his happy autobiography, *Life Worth Living*, he tried, not unsuccessfully, to prove that the Woolsack does not necessarily contain all the ingredients of a highly successful career. And I dare say there is still time for what the world calls *recognition* to be pushed into the bulging mouth of *his* sack. Generally speaking, forty years in one job are long enough even for an exceptionally able and enthusiastic administrator.



THE KING DINES OUT—HIS MAJESTY ARRIVES TO ATTEND A DINNER GIVEN BY THE NULLI SECUNDUS CLUB, THE REGIMENTAL DINING CLUB OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS: The King is Colonel-in-Chief of the Coldstream Guards, and the dinner at the Dorchester Hotel was of special significance, as 1950 marks the 300th anniversary of the regiment's formation. The visit to the club was the first to be made by the Sovereign since 1836, when William IV was present. To commemorate the visit the King was presented with a Coldstream Sword. The Club, which takes its title from the regimental motto, is a dining club whose members are officers past and present of the Coldstream Guards. The King was received by the Lieut.-Colonel commanding the regiment, Colonel E. R. Hill, president of the club, and the senior regimental officer present, General Sir Charles Loyd

"Sic Vos Non Vobis."—It is too late in the day for me to comment on the thrills of Derby week and its surprises, from the liquidation of petrol rationing to the luck and wizardry of M. Marcel Boussac at Epsom and of the Americans at St. Andrews. My note on that week's events shall be anonymous and oblique. *Sic vos non vobis* shall be my text. This country was the cradle of sport, and racing, golf and cricket, football, tennis and boxing were peculiarly British patents—once. And this country also was the cradle of champions. We brought the sports and games to popularity and perfection in their more or less modern forms, and, being first in the field, we usually led the field. Our dazzling sporting fixtures and the rich prizes which some of them offer attracted foreigners to England to compete and to learn from us, and so to carry back the lessons to their own lands. And still the dazzling prizes are offered, still the British fixtures are of world interest in the world of sport. The world is large, England is small. It is not extraordinary that the cups and the belts and the purses are among our visible exports as often as not. It is a question of arithmetic, not of British decadence. It is pleasant that after all our trials and handicaps we should still remain the capital of the world of sport. The game's the thing—the prize a bauble. What's £30,000 free of tax, anyway? If we are not the home of champions we are still at home to champions; and it is said to be more blessed to give than to receive. Moreover, an extraordinarily high percentage of the citizens of the world nowadays consider it a far more important claim—to be the sporting than to be the political capital of civilisation; and I am really not prepared to say they are in total error.

Road Problems Again.—Some of those who "danced a breakdown" (a very apt dance) round the petrol stations and scattered their coupons, may soon be wondering whether the gesture of joy was appropriate. Not many, perhaps; for as a nation we still largely preserve our golden attributes of patience in discomfort, restraint, good humour and sense of fair play—and long may we continue to do so. Yet the first holiday following Petrol Release Day was an omen and a portent of road congestion ahead. The car queues broke pre-war records. The "bottlenecks" positively screamed for attention. Where did they come from, those uncountable cars? In what hidden outhouses have they lain up in oil and on jacks until this day? Those who for fifteen years have been trying to buy a new car or offering "Rolls-Royce" prices for a serviceable old car, must find the puzzle insoluble. How long now will our roads stand the new strain at week-ends, how long our patience? For a long time we have all known that petrol must be freed and could be freed. We could not have foreseen that the hidden reserves of at least serviceable cars could be mobilised inside a week, but we could foresee that in a matter of months the rush to the roads would raise new "headaches" for the authorities concerned with roads and road casualties. And the roads have been by leave neglected for a decade. An intensive programme of road improvement was urgent before the last war. Modern systems on our trunk roads are still in the sample stage of two-mile stretches. And meanwhile the lanes and by-roads, fit still only for governess carts, are being used by double-decker buses and lorries (to the utmost danger of the rural community), such roads were never intended for such monsters. As for the seaside towns and villages, they are becoming endurable in summer only to those whose chief interests lie in noisy and noisome car parks, most of them of illimitable extent.

Look Ahead To '51.—As a nation we are not remarkable for prevision among our accepted virtues. We live now in an age of State planning, and that has not as yet encouraged prevision in the individual. I am not a prophet, merely an amateur in the Jonah tradition (I fear). But even amateurs can sometimes paint little pictures of a convincing sort. And arising out of the last question (road congestion), it is fair to warn those who live in the present that 1951 may be a year which will seriously interrupt the even tenor of their way. We are used to queues and crowds, to restriction of movement and to travel- and hotel-accommodation difficulties. In 1951 I see a "little picture" of conditions for the country cousin visiting London and for the town mouse who lives there, altogether different and more daunting than anything of the sort in their experience. If you want to engage a bedroom in London for a night in July 1951, engage it to-day. If you can so alter your way of life as to stay put in your country home for an entire year, start planning that change to-day. If you live in London, turn over in your mind *to-day* whether you would not benefit by seeing the "seasons round" for once on Dartmoor or Shap. London in 1951 won't be pleasant for the average resident, nor will day or two-day visits to London be easy or recreational for country cousins. Though Whitehall be busy planning for 1951, all their plans won't crown me with a fool's-cap for this Jeremiad—if you call it a Jeremiad. I don't. "You can 'ave London" in 1951. You can have all that is my share of its available space, *gratis*.

THE OLD STAGER

WEST GERMAN POLICE BAR THE WAY: When about 10,000 youths arrived at Herrenburg, northernmost crossing point on the border between the British and Russian Zones of Germany, they were held up by police in this fashion until they submitted to a medical examination

YOUNG GERMANS IN A FRONTIER INCIDENT

10,000 Youths Held Up by the Police Near Luebeck

The unexpected demonstration which occurred last week near Luebeck as German youths returned from the Whitsuntide Rally in Berlin must have been very much to the liking of the Eastern German authorities, always quick to exploit cases of so-called persecution. It seemed, however, that the blockade was really no subject for making political capital, and that the British authorities had nothing to do with the dispute. The Minister of the Interior of Schleswig-Holstein ordered the examination which caused all the trouble, to prevent the infiltration of typhoid carriers.

***On left*—THE POLICE ROAD-BLOCK AT HERRENBURG: Beyond this point the West German Police refused to allow the youths returning from East Germany to pass. After a brief, but not violent demonstration, many of the young Germans camped in the vicinity to await developments**

IN SHIRTS OF CORNFLOWER BLUE AND CARRYING THEIR BANNERS: The returning youths at the road-block near Luebeck. About 1,000 of them submitted to a brief medical examination and were then allowed to pass on their way. The order for the examination came from the Ministry of the Interior of Schleswig-Holstein, and was apparently the result of several cases of typhoid which had been reported in Berlin in the course of the Whitsuntide Rally. Only about 3,000 youths were at first involved, but as more and more reached the frontier the impromptu camp at Herrenburg soon had a population estimated at 10,000

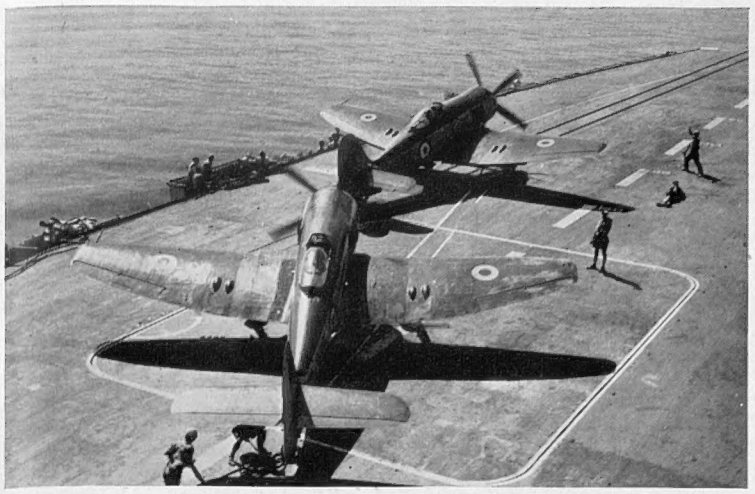
PRINCESS MARGARET VISITS CANTERBURY

To Make the Annual Distribution of Prizes at St. Edmund's School

D.D. HONORIS CAUSA—PRINCESS MARGARET PRESENTS THE PRIZES AT ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY : The Princess with one of the pupils at the ceremony, which took place in a marquee in the gardens of the school. With the King as its patron and the Archbishop of Canterbury as its president, the school has lived up to and beyond the high hopes of its originators, the Clergy Orphan Corporation. St. Edmund's, standing on an outlying spur of the downs a mile from Canterbury, provides free education for the orphan sons of the clergy, and is, at the same time, an independent public school, including among its old boys many who have gained first-class honours at the universities and not a few distinctions in public life. The school, named after the great scholar-saint, St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, was founded a century ago. It was transferred from London in 1855. Princess Margaret, who has lately increased the number of her public speaking engagements, addressed the gathering at the prize-giving. Later in the week she spoke twice at Ramsgate, and also at Bethnal Green's Youth Week

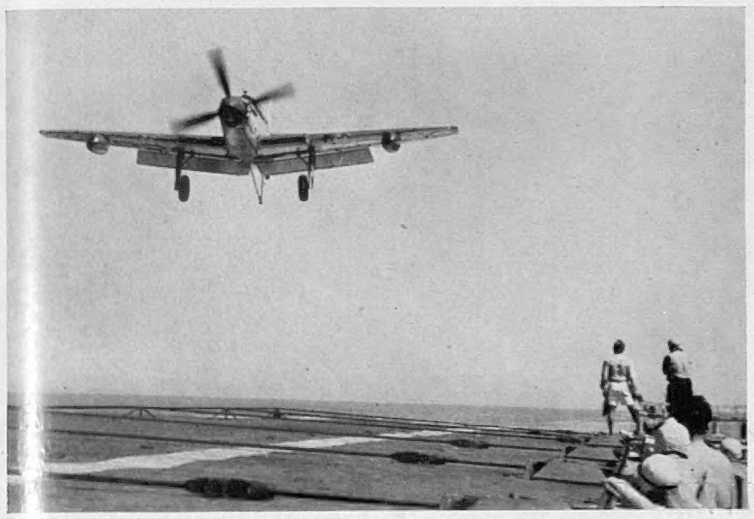
PRINCESS MARGARET PAYS HER FIRST VISIT TO CANTERBURY : The Princess leaving the Cathedral with the Dean, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, and Dr. Fisher, the Archbishop. Her visit coincided with the festival of music and drama to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Society by which St. Edmund's School was founded. After lunch with Dr. Fisher, the Princess visited the school

PRINCESS MARGARET MEETS THE ASSISTANT MASTERS OF ST. EDMUND'S SCHOOL : On the right is the headmaster, Mr. W. M. Thoseby, who made the introductions. The Princess also met the Governors and inspected a guard of honour provided by the School Cadet Force. The patron of the school is King George VI, who follows in that office all reigning sovereigns since Victoria



LINING-UP FOR THE TAKE-OFF FROM THE DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORY," FLAGSHIP OF REAR-ADMIRAL GRANTHAM, FLAG OFFICER (AIR) MEDITERRANEAN FLEET : A Sea Fury fighter is seen on the carrier's catapult with engines at maximum power for quick flight off the deck, and another Sea Fury stands by to take its place on the catapult. All the pictures on this page were taken aboard *Glory*, of the Second Aircraft-Carrier Squadron, during exercises held in Mediterranean waters. H.M.S. *Glory* has a brood of about forty aircraft

A SEA FURY IS AIRBORNE AFTER BEING CATAPULTED : The moment she leaves the flight deck an officer turns to the next aircraft and beckons her forward to the catapult. The Sea Fury in the foreground is standing on the lift which brings the aircraft up from the hangar

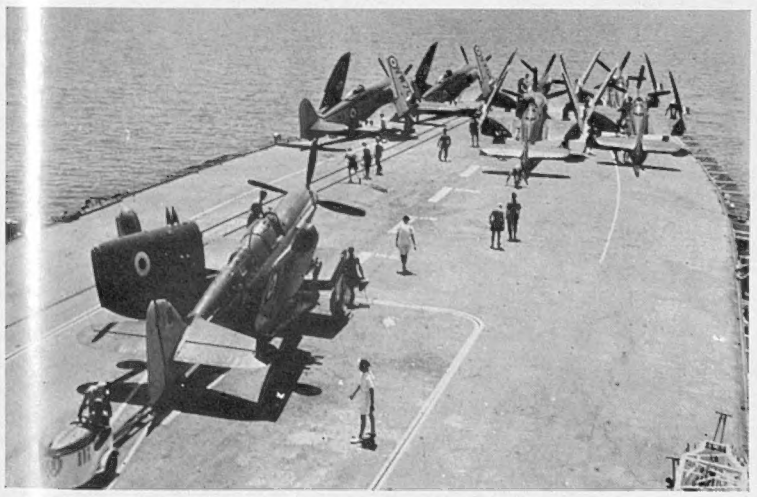


WHEELS, FLAPS AND TAIL HOOK DOWN : A Firefly about to land on the flight deck of H.M.S. *Glory*. The batsman on the right directs the aircraft on to the deck, where one of the arrester wires stretched from port to starboard is contacted by the hook. Should the aircraft's hook fail to make contact with one of the arrester wires a net in the centre of the flight deck provides an additional safeguard

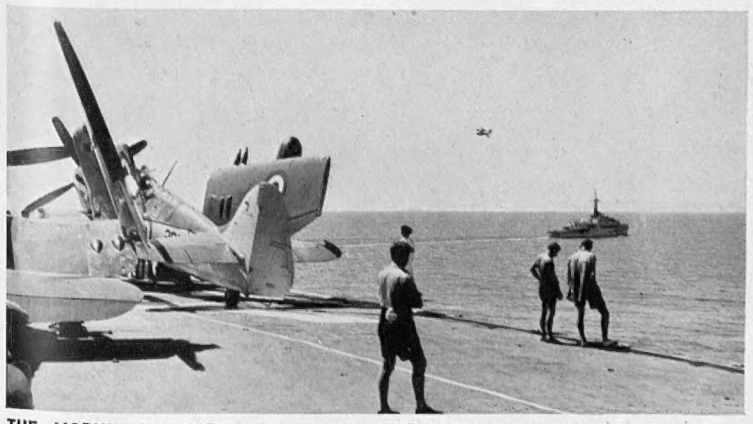
LIFE ABOARD THE "GLORY"

A Carrier and Her Brood at Sea

ALL HANDS TO A FIREFLY : An aircraft with wings folded being pushed down the carrier's deck. Aircraft hands wear skull caps of different colours to show their various jobs



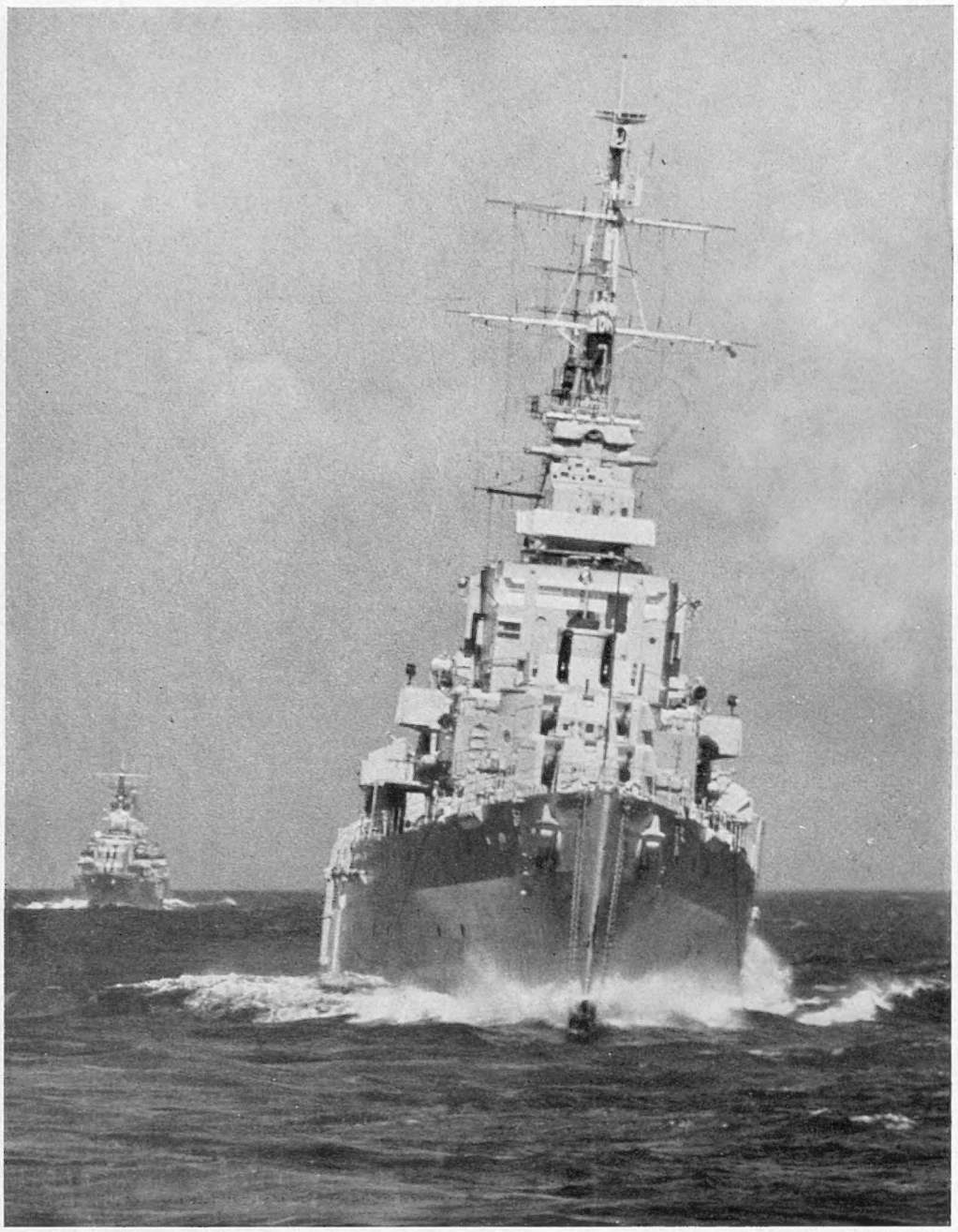
AFTER TOUCHING DOWN ON THE FLIGHT DECK : The aircraft is moved swiftly up the deck to keep the after-end clear for other incoming aircraft. The wings are folded up in order to save deck space and the plane is parked in the bows. So well co-ordinated is the system that planes are able to land within half-a-minute of each other. When the time comes to store the aircraft in the hangar below decks they are towed on to the lift in the deck car, or "dodgem," as seen in this picture



THE MORNING'S WORK IS ALMOST OVER : The attendant destroyer—she stands by to pick up pilots should any aircraft fall into the sea—crosses the carrier's bows. A naval Sea Otter amphibian aircraft flies overhead. The Mediterranean sun is hot and most of the sailors on deck are stripped to the waist, wearing only shorts and sandals

READY FOR THE TAKE-OFF : Rear-Admiral Guy Grantham, Flag Officer (Air) Mediterranean, in flying kit before climbing into the observer's cockpit of the Firefly aircraft in which he flew to Hal Far—the Royal Navy Air Station, Malta—from the deck of his flagship, H.M.S. *Glory* in the course of Mediterranean operations

In this modern age when the battleship is relegated more or less to an anti-aircraft role, and her future as a weapon of war is in a state of uncertainty, the aircraft-carrier has become the spearhead of the fleets, and her aggressive role is well defined. The pictures on this page give an idea of the everyday life aboard a typical carrier, with its intensive training for deck hands and pilots alike in a routine that requires split-second timing. H.M.S. *Glory* is a light fleet carrier of 13,190 tons, and is the flagship of her class. In the same class are *Ocean*, *Theseus*, *Triumph*, *Vengeance* and *Warrior*.



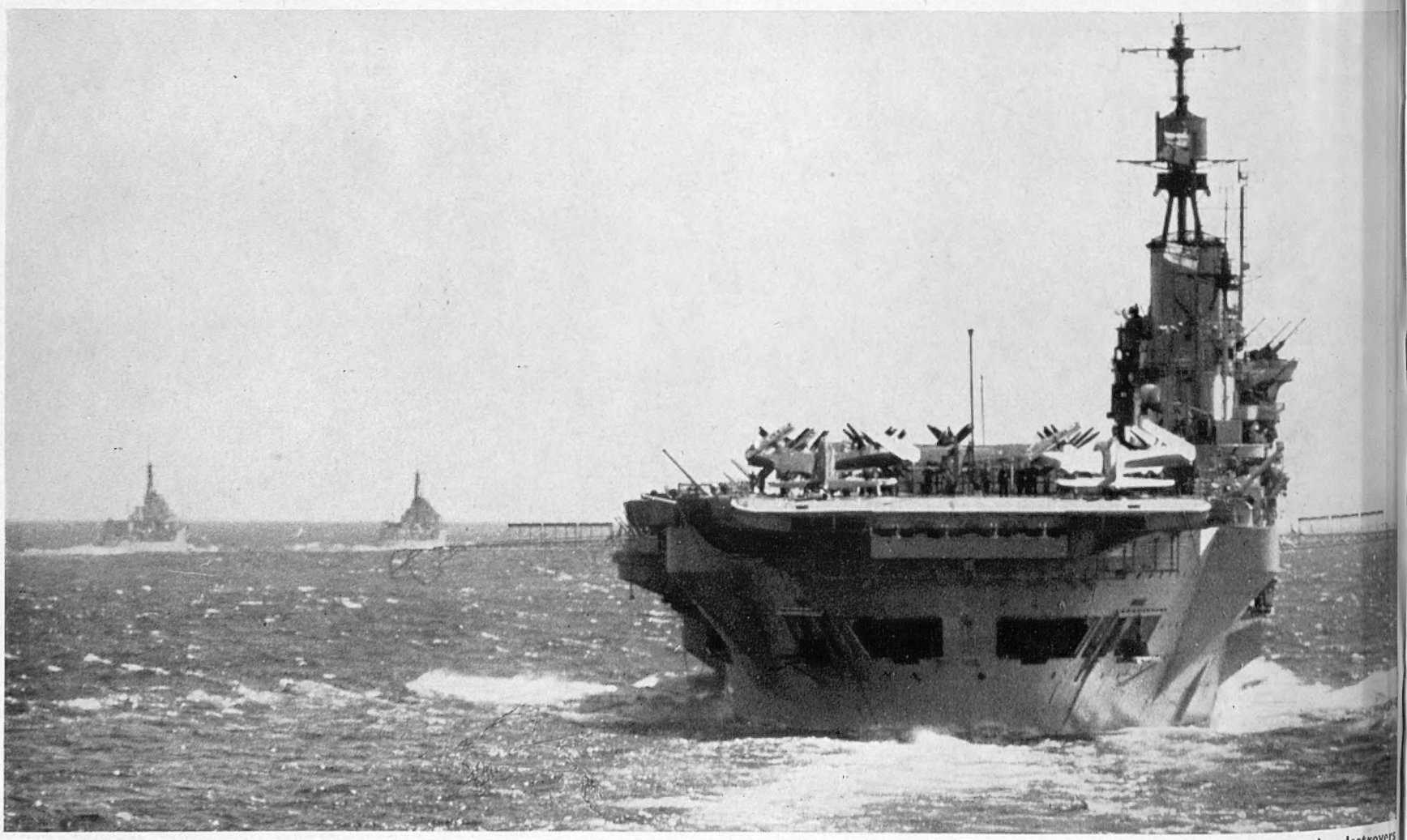
THE BRITISH CRUISER "CLEOPATRA" (5,771 TONS) STEAMING AT SPEED DURING AN ACTION IN THE BAY OF BISCAY: *Cleopatra*, together with the British carrier *Implacable* (23,000 tons) and the Dutch carrier *Karel Doorman* (13,190 tons) were the main units of the Red Force in the Western Union naval exercises. The Red Force was directed by Vice-Admiral Willinge, the Dutch Flag Officer who was in overall command. After the exercise the combined fleets entered Brest

THE WESTERN UNION NAVAL EXERCISES IN BISCAY

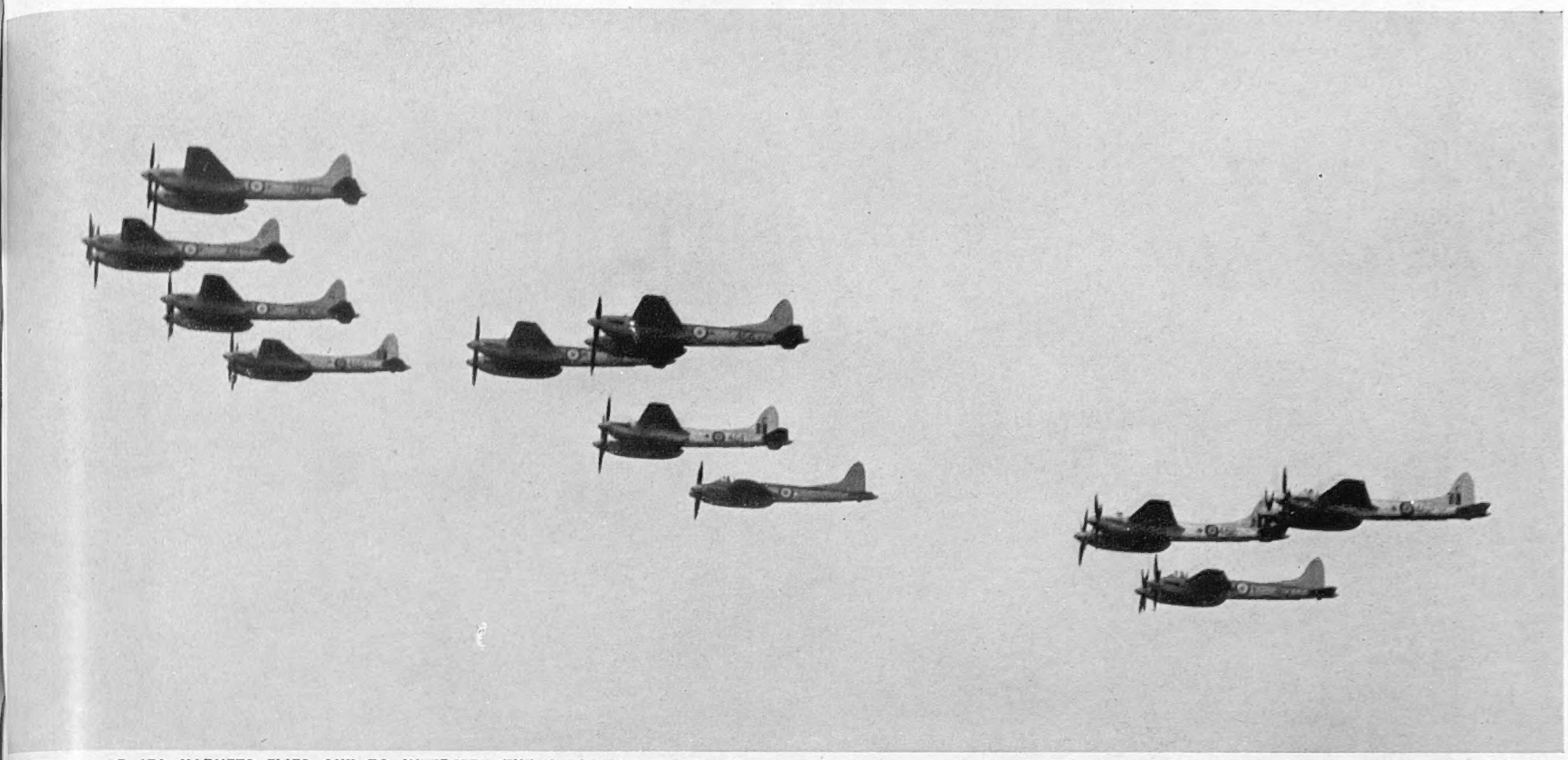
BRITISH, FRENCH AND DUTCH WARSHIPS PRACTISE THE ART OF CO-OPERATION

VIEWED FROM THE FLIGHT DECK OF THE BRITISH CARRIER "IMPLACABLE": The destroyer *Crossbow*, the cruiser *Cleopatra*, the Dutch destroyer *Marnix*, the Dutch anti-aircraft cruiser *Jacob van Heemsheerck*, and the British cruiser *Superb* off the port of Brest as the Western Union Naval Exercises came to an end

The Dutch, who were our traditional rivals for so long as the carters of the sea, and who once sailed up Thames and Medway to wreak havoc, and the French, who were almost as redoubtable opponents as the Dutch on the high seas, now reveal the art of co-operation with the Royal Navy in a way which should no doubt make Van Tromp, Duguay-Trouin and Jean Bart turn in their graves. The Western Union exercises in the Bay of Biscay were indeed a triumph of understanding, and every operation, from the first combined shoot against a towed target, to the night encounter between surface ships, was carried through with scarcely a hitch. Vice-Admiral Willinge, the Dutch Flag Officer, was in overall command and showed skill in the night encounter when tactics were dictated by minute-to-minute developments.



H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" WITH HER FLIGHT DECK THRONGED WITH FIGHTERS: The British carrier steaming through the Bay of Biscay. On her flank are the destroyers H.M.S. *Battleaxe* and *Crossbow*. In Western Union fighter exercises all operation orders to pilots over the radio telephone are given in English when they affect the squadrons of more than one country. French, Belgian and Dutch operators have been instructed in the British radar system of reporting hostile aircraft

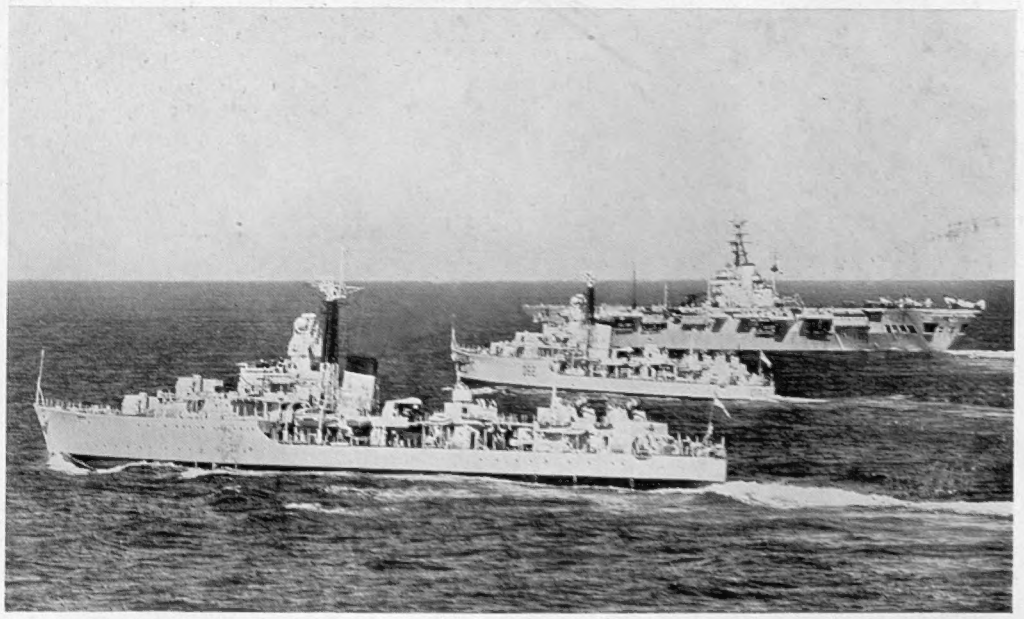


A SQUADRON OF SEA HORNETS FLIES OUT TO INTERCEPT THE ATTACKING FORCE: The naval air force received valuable training in co-operation, and in August will come the turn of the air forces of Western Union, when a two-day exercise will be held to test out the system of defending the main industrial and communications centres of France, Belgium and Holland. R.A.F. and U.S. bombers will adopt the role of an enemy attacking force, and R.A.F. Meteor and Vampire jet-fighters will defend

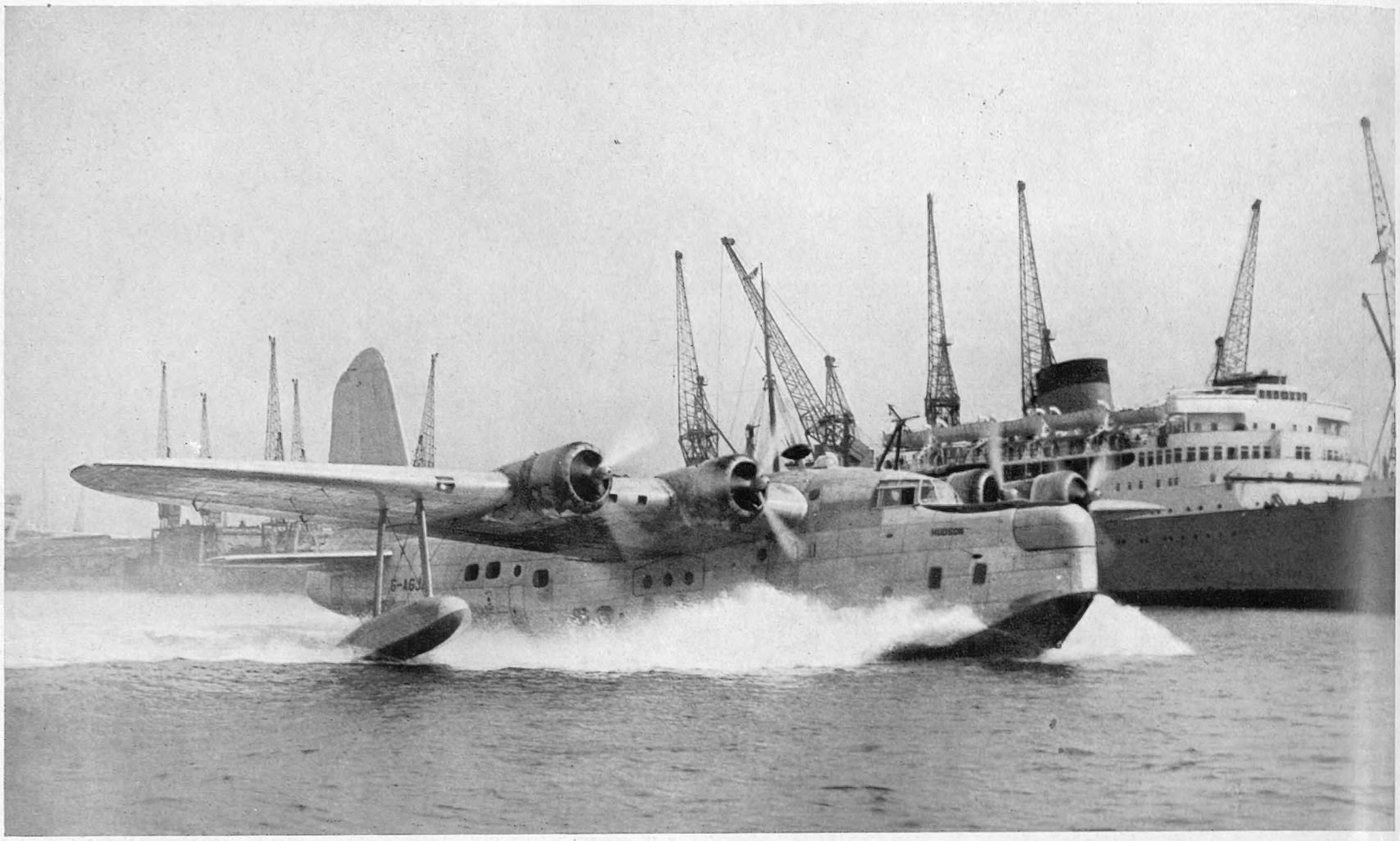
AIR MECH. ICS WORKING ON A SEA HORNET: The machine being prepa d for flight on the deck of H.M.S. *Implacable*, which acted s the spearhead of the Red Force in the "Battle of Biscay"

SEA HORNETS AND BARRACUDAS DRAWN UP ON THE FLIGHT DECK OF H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE": The Barracudas, seen in the background of the picture, are the Navy's dive-bombers and they will always be remembered for their exploit against the *Tirpitz* during the Second World War

A BARRACUDA COMES IN TO LAND AFTER DELIVERING A MOCK ATTACK IN THE BAY OF BISCAY: The Deck Control Officer (usually called the "Batsman") has just finished giving his signals as the high-wing monoplane, with flaps down, nears the deck arrester wires



H.M.S. "AGINCOURT" AND H.M.S. "JUTLAND," TWO BRITISH DESTROYERS OF 2,400 TONS, WITH THE DUTCH CARRIER "KAREL DOORMAN" (13,190 TONS) OFF THE FRENCH COAST: One of the purposes of these naval exercises was to ensure co-operation in inter-fleet communication. It was found that this time, as compared with 1949, signals were promptly acknowledged and acted upon. All signals were passed in English, standard language of Western Union



BY FLYING-BOAT TO SCOTLAND : The Aquila Airways flying-boat *Hudson* cruising past a passenger liner at her Southampton berth before taking off for Glasgow and Edinburgh, and inaugurating the new Clipper service from the southern ocean terminal to the Scottish cities. When B.O.A.C. withdraws its Solents from the Johannesburg route this autumn this will be the only British service run by marine aircraft—which this country pioneered—except for one between Madeira and Southampton also operated by Aquila Airways. The inaugural flight from Southampton to Scotland was made by the Short Hythe-class flying-boat *R.M.A. Hudson*, the pilot of which was Captain A. C. T. Evans, of Gerrards Cross, Bucks. The Hythe carried a full complement of twenty-six passengers and a crew of seven, including a steward and stewardess. It was seen off at berth 50 by the Mayor of Southampton, Dr. G. H. Barendt, who sent a letter of greeting to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Andrew Murray. Instead of keeping to the coast the flying-boat took a direct overland route to Edinburgh—a distance of 360 statute miles—by way of Swindon, Oxford, Birmingham, Manchester and Galashiels. The journey took about 2½ hours, and at an altitude of 5,000 ft. was remarkably smooth until clouds were encountered just after passing the Scottish border. The aircraft was the first to alight at the Leith Airport, alongside the newly-opened Albert Dock. The service will run from Southampton to Glasgow and back every Tuesday, and from Southampton to Edinburgh and return every Friday. The fare is the same to either destination—£9 single and £16 4s. return. It is cheaper than first-class rail travel with sleeper

BRITAIN'S INTERNAL CLIPPER SERVICE

THE INAUGURAL FLIGHT FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH

SWANS IN THE LAGOON AT ABBOTSBURY : Swanherd Fred Lexter looks over his charges as they preen themselves at the famous swannery, the largest swan community in Great Britain. *Inset above*—Parent swans with very young cygnets, one of which rides securely on its mother's back. For 1,000 years there have been wild swans on the Dorset coast at Abbotsbury, and to-day the colony, which was nearly extinguished during the war, is 700 strong and has 100 nests. Swanherd Joe Gill works there with his nephew, Fred Lexter, whose family have had the care of the swannery for over 200 years

CYGNET-TIME AT ABBOTSBURY

The Colony Now 700 Strong

SKYE WEEK, AND THE EXILES RETURN

CELEBRATIONS ON "THE MISTY ISLE", AS THE MACLEODS AND MACDONALDS FORGATHER FROM MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD

They say that if you go to the hatch of any British ship and shout "Mac!" the Chief Engineer will stick his head out in reply. You could have done the same the other week on MacBrayne's steamer, the *Lochnevis*, as it churned its way into Portree Bay from Mallaig, and not only the Chief Engineer but practically every passenger on deck would have started round. The MacLeods, the MacDonalds, the MacKinnons, and a dozen other Macs were going home to Skye by the hundred for the island's first festival week.

For the MacLeods this was a very special occasion. At the invitation of Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, twenty-eighth chief of the clan, they were bound for Dunvegan Castle, the oldest inhabited castle in Britain, and for the last 700 years the home of their chiefs. The word *clann* in Gaelic means children, and this was a gathering of the children of Leod where their fathers met centuries ago. The call had gone out to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the United States, wherever the pioneering MacLeods had settled since the first frail emigrant ships sailed from Portree and Bracadale 180 years ago. When Dr. Johnson rode up to Dunvegan in 1773, one such ship had just received the blessing of the chief, and emigrants were still departing in the years when Scott visited the castle almost a century later. The overcrowded and barren island has given thousands of its citizens to new lands, and to-day there are big colonies of MacLeods, in particular, in New South Wales, Australia; in Nova Scotia, Canada; in the United States, and not least in London, where the Clan MacLeod Society is one of the biggest groups of London Scots.

The disadvantages of Skye were not to be remembered during the exiles' week of home-coming, although the visitors were canny enough to be well provided with raincoats and

(*Cont. on following page*)

AT THE TROTTERNISH HIGHLAND GAMES, UIG: Colonel Jock Macdonald (left) and Mr. Iain Hilleary, both members of the organising committee. Hilleary, as chairman, officiated at the opening of Skye Week

PIPER D. C. MACLEOD, OF PORTREE, WAVES A HIGHLAND WELCOME TO A STEAMER-LOAD OF HIS KINSMEN: For one week the whole island of Skye was in festive mood, with visitors from overseas coming in their hundreds to join the local inhabitants in the ceilidhs, the country dancing and the games which made the week memorable. The numerous MacDonald visitors explored the Trotternish country of their ancestors, and at Uig were held the Trotternish Highland Games; while the MacLeods converged on Dunvegan Castle, the home of their chief, Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod. One day was specially set aside as "MacLeod Day"

PIPER JOCK MACPHEE, OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY, LISTENS WITH THE CRITICAL EAR OF EXPERIENCE TO THE PLAYING OF A YOUNG ENTRANT: The aspirant asked MacPhee for an audition before the start of the Trotternish Games, one of the special features of Skye Week, and later, playing MacPhee's pipes, he won the piping competition

THE PIPE BAND OF THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY MARCHES THROUGH PORTREE: This was part of the colourful ceremonial at the opening of Skye Week. Portree was thronged and, in addition to those who came by the regular mail steamer, a special train and steamer brought a contingent from Inverness. One of the youngest visitors was a six-year-old girl from Banffshire, and the farthest travelled was Miss Nancy Kendall, from Auckland, New Zealand. In addition, there were numerous visitors from Australia and Canada, and the tourists were all anxious to see the ruins of Dunholm Castle, one-time seat of the MacDonalds of the Isles, and the wonders of Dunvegan, home of Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod

SKYE WEEK—THE MACLEODS AT DUNVEGAN

FLORA, MRS. MACLEOD OF MACLEOD GREETS HER COMPATRIOTS FROM EVERY CONTINENT AT THE ANCESTRAL CASTLE

WELCOME TO SKYE! Passengers arriving ashore at Portree at the start of Skye Week, which has been planned to make known to the world the tourist attractions of Skye and, if possible, to extend its tourist season, up to now confined largely to the months of July and August. There was a special incursion of visitors on MacLeod Day, when Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, received all the visiting members of her ancient clan at Dunvegan Castle

FLORA, MRS. MACLEOD OF MACLEOD, AND THE DRUM MAJOR: The clan chief comes forward to offer her thanks for tunes played in her honour at the gathering of the MacLeods at Dunvegan Castle. MacLeods from every continent were among the 300 visitors to the castle, which is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the country

(Continued from previous page)

umbrellas. They knew that the mist which gave the Misty Isle its name is Scotch mist, which is just the Highlander's word for rain. But for once Skye raised the veil, not far enough to give more than a few blinks of sunshine, but enough to reveal the jagged Black Coolins, lowering over the moors and valleys of desolate Hebridean beauty.

The traditional glamour and romance of the Highlands was provided by games held in different parts of the island, by ceilidhs, those interminable Highland social evenings, and by the pipe band of the 1st Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, which also does duty at the Edinburgh Festival. But if proud ancestral memories were awakened in the breasts of the emigrants by the skirl of the pipes, all wild emotions were dampened by the sterner side of Caledonia, the Scottish Sabbath. Not a soul stirred in Portree, chief town of Skye, on Sunday, except for forty or fifty who made a short excursion to the kirk, in company with the Lord Provosts of Glasgow, Edinburgh and Inverness. Uncomforted by the thought that the Sunday newspapers would not arrive until Monday afternoon, the visitors huddled in their hotels, if necessary recovering from the orgy of Saturday night, when special licences had been issued to allow the pubs to keep open until 9.30 p.m., an unheard-of hour in Skye. Extra supplies of whisky had been sent to the island, but, on the other hand, all laundry had to be shipped to the mainland, as Portree's drying-ground, "The Lump," was in use for the Games.

The MacLeods have entertained many guests in their long history, from James V to the present King and Queen, when the Duke and Duchess of York, in 1933. In the old days, the Chief's family maintained bards and pipers to provide revelry, as well as a full cellar, and nothing was too good for such retainers as

A PICTURE FOR THE FOLKS AT HOME: Norman MacLeod, of Ottawa, one of the Canadian contingent visiting Skye, seen arm-in-arm with Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, the clan chieftain, on the battlements of historic Dunvegan Castle. The chieftain showed her 300 or more guests through the castle of their ancestors, and showed them the family heirlooms

NIGHT FALLS ON THE LITTLE CHURCHYARD AT PORTREE: A piper of the Highland Light Infantry among the graves of the MacLeods, the MacDonalds and the MacKenzies, where he played "Lochaber No More"

TWO AUSTRALIAN MACLEODS VISIT THE GRAVE OF THE LAST CHIEFTAIN OF THE CLAN IN THE TRADITIONAL CHIEFTAINS' BURIAL-GROUND BY THE RUINED CHURCH OF DUIRNISH, NEAR DUNVEGAN: The last chief was the uncle of the present Chief, Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod. Mrs. MacLeod received greetings from members of her widely separated family all over the world, and among those who stayed with her at Dunvegan during the Skye Week celebrations were Lieut.-General Sir Kenneth MacLeod, a former G.O.C.-in-C., Burma, and Brigadier Tarquil MacLeod, of St. Andrews, who was attending his first clan reunion at Dunvegan Castle since he became the President of the Clan Society. The Australian visitors in this picture are Miss Anne MacLeod, of Lismore, and Mrs. Sarah MacLeod Algie, both of New South Wales

IN THE BURIAL-GROUND OF THE MACLEOD CHIEFS : Miss Anne MacLeod, of Lismore, New South Wales, Mrs. Kirsty MacLeod, of Dunvegan, near Tiree, New South Wales, and Mrs. Sarah MacLeod Algie, of Sydney, inspecting the churchyard near Dunvegan Castle. Several visitors came to Dunvegan in search of the graves of their ancestors

THE CLAN CHIEF AND HER VISITORS : Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, with guests from overseas who came to Dunvegan on MacLeod Day

VIEW FROM THE BATTLEMENTS OF DUNVEGAN : This was the scene as Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, who is standing right centre, welcomed visitors to her castle home on MacLeod Day, all honoured bearers of the name of MacLeod. Later, when she showed them round the castle, they saw the "Fairy Flag," the crusading standard on which the prosperity of the race is said to depend, the drinking-horn of Rory Moore, probably the greatest of the chiefs, and the sword of Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernery, its greatest hero, and the fifteenth-century Dunvegan Cup

the MacCrimmons, who for generation after generation were pipers to the Chief. Sometimes the guests did not get such generous treatment. The "wicked twelfth chief" of the clan welcomed eleven Campbell chieftains to Dunvegan, then at the height of the revels had a cup of blood placed before each guest. At the signal, every Campbell was stabbed to death by MacLeods who were stationed on each side.

To-day the clan enmities are forgotten, almost everywhere. Flora MacLeod of MacLeod received a message of congratulations from the Chief of the MacLeans, and is a good friend of the chief of the MacDonalds, whom the MacLeods once defeated in one of the bloodiest battles Skye or all Scotland has ever known. The battle is remembered, and often mentioned, but now the two clans are joined in the effort to "sell" the island to overseas tourists, and are eager to make the most of the dollar-earning potentialities which are the heritage of the grim past.

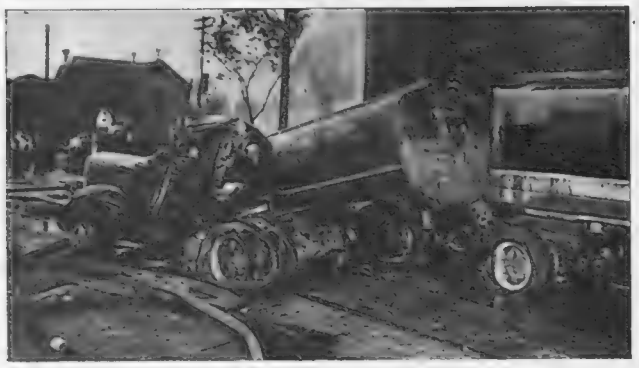
MacLeod Day at Dunvegan was a blaze of tartan pageantry. For Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, it was an event of far deeper significance than any tourist venture. For many years, Mrs. MacLeod has carried on regular correspondence with hundreds of MacLeods in other lands. When members of the clan arrive in Skye, she gives them hospitality, and in this Skye week the chief certainly gave it in full measure.

THE MACLEODS GATHER IN THE FORECOURT BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR TOUR OF DUNVEGAN : The castle was erected in the ninth century and extended by later chieftains, especially by Alastair Crotach, or the Humpback, in 1458, and by Rory Moore, who was knighted by James VI. Built on a rocky promontory, which is difficult of access, the fortress must have been almost impregnable in the era of clan warfare. Flora, Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, took her visitors round the castle, down into the dungeon, and also to the sea gate

A Sphere Survey

A CHICAGO TRAGEDY

AND OTHER FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES



A DISASTROUS CRASH ON CHICAGO'S SOUTH SIDE: Wreckage of the double trailer petrol truck after it had come into collision with a crowded street-car near the junction of Sixty-third and State Streets. Thousands of gallons of petrol poured from the torn sides of the trailers, engulfing the street-car in flames and setting fire to several automobiles and no fewer than eight buildings in the vicinity. At least thirty-three people died in the flames, thirty-two of them in the street-car. The truck, loaded with 7,000 to 8,000 gallons of petrol, came from Whiting, Indiana, and was owned by the Sprout and Davis Company. The driver was unable to escape from the cab. One of the terrible features of the disaster was that all the bodies were charred beyond recognition

THE STREAMLINED STREET-CAR AFTER IT HAD BEEN BURNT OUT IN CHICAGO: Men of the United States Navy Fire Service helped the city firemen to quell the flames and to remove the bodies of the victims, most of whom died in the rush for the exits. Only a very few escaped as the wall of flame from the petrol trailers swiftly enveloped the street-car. One man who escaped kicked the glass out of the back door of the car. He cut his leg severely, but a bystander applied a tourniquet

THE MARRIAGE OF CURTIS ROOSEVELT AND ROBIN EDWARDS: The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Burton Edwards and the grandson of the late President Franklin Roosevelt leaving St. Augustine's-by-the-Sea, the Protestant Episcopal Church of Santa Monica, after their wedding. The bridegroom's father is Curtis Bean Dall, and his mother is Mrs. Anna Roosevelt Boettiger. He recently assumed the name of Roosevelt

MRS. FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT GIVES "BUZZIE" HER BLESSING: Talking with her grandson, Curtis Roosevelt, and his bride, Robin Edwards, at the reception following their marriage at Santa Monica, California. The bride wore a gown of pastel pink organdie which had long, full sleeves gathered at the wrists. She was given in marriage by her father, Mr. James Burton Edwards. The bridegroom's uncle, John A. Roosevelt, was best man. After the honeymoon the couple will live in New York. Curtis Roosevelt (nicknamed "Buzzie") was often named as Roosevelt's grandson in White House days

A NEW PHASE IN THE EGYPTIAN MARRIAGE TANGLE (AMERICAN VERSION): Queen Nazli with her daughter, Princess Fathia (sister of King Farouk) and the Princess's commoner husband, Riad Ghali, whom she first married in a civil ceremony in San Francisco and has now married at a Muslim ceremony, despite pressure from Cairo. King Farouk has deprived the Princess of her Royal prerogatives and has sought to restrain the activities of Queen Nazli, whom he alleges has received over £480,000 in payments from Egypt since she took up residence in the United States. Riad Ghali is a Coptic Christian

TURKEY'S NEW PREMIER ADDRESSES THE GRAND NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: Mr. Adnan Menderes reading his Government's programme on taking office. He promised a drastic reduction of expenditure in every department, including that of national defence. His economic reforms aim at lowering the cost of living by reducing costs of production. Special efforts are to be made by the new Government for the promotion of agriculture, on which 80 per cent. of the population live, and for the development of a modernised system of irrigation

TWO MINISTERS MAKE A WHITSUNTIDE VISIT TO THE EASTERN BATTLE ZONE: Mr. James Griffiths, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. John Strachey, War Minister, seen on arrival at Singapore by air on their tour of investigation and encouragement in Malaya. Last week Mr. Strachey flew to a jungle air-strip in a light plane and joined British troops in an anti-bandit sweep. According to Army officers who escorted him: "The Minister is going to sweat it out and discover for himself what a jungle march is really like"

THE WRECK OF THE "MARIETTA DAL"—A BRITISH FREIGHTER BREAKS IN TWO ON SMITH ROCK, OFF MORETON ISLAND, BRISBANE: As the *Marietta Dal*, under the command of Captain J. G. F. Brighty, altered course to enter Moreton Bay, there was a sudden jar and she was fast on Smith Rock, two miles north of Cape Moreton, at the entrance to Moreton Bay. The ship broke in two, and before dawn the stern portion broke free and swung alongside the bow, which was fast on the rock. Attempts by the tug *Carlock* failed to move the grounded ship, and the position appeared to be hopeless. At dawn the forepart had been beaten around and seas were washing right into the forward holds. From seaward, cases of tractors could be seen through the 40-yard gap in the ship. Some members of the crew stayed aboard the ship, but were taken off later when it was seen that the position of the freighter was hopeless

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK MAKES A SPEECH TO THE TROOPS: The wife of the Generalissimo broadcasting at Keelung Harbour when she welcomed to Formosa 150,000 Nationalist troops who had been evacuated from Chushan Island, south-east of Shanghai, a surprise withdrawal described as tactical. Not until they were at sea did the troops learn that they were bound for Formosa

BACK TO THE LAST BASTION: Madame Chiang Kai-shek helping to distribute food to the Nationalist troops on their arrival at Formosa on board the troopship *Tien Hsing* after evacuation from Chushan Island. Bands played as the troops landed at Formosa's northern port, bringing with them women, children, goats and pigs. After Madame Chiang had made a speech of welcome, each incoming soldier got seven Formosan dollars, together with a pamphlet explaining that he had been withdrawn from Chushan in the interest of defending Formosa. This loss of Chushan meant it would be impossible for the Nationalists to keep up the Shanghai blockade

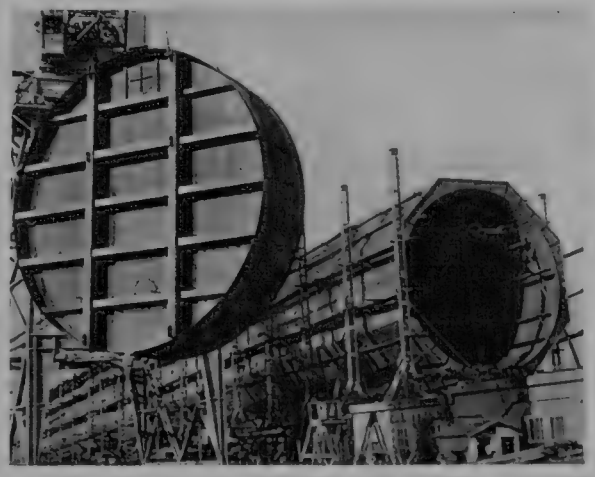
AN AMBASSADOR'S FAREWELL: Wearing a garland of flowers presented to him by Cairo's Indian Colony, Sir Ronald Campbell, British Ambassador to Egypt, is seen off at Cairo railway station by the French Ambassador, Couve de Murville. The Ambassador, who has completed his term in Egypt and is retiring from the Diplomatic Service, sailed from Port Said on board a tanker

CULTURAL TIDINGS FROM THE CITY OF FRANKFURT: Willy Schmitz takes a drink of soda-water during his fast in a sealed glass cage at Frankfurt Zoo. At the time of writing this forty-eight-year-old professional "hunger striker" has gone over thirty days without food, and he hopes to beat his own record of fifty days. "I am sure I will carry off the victory," he has stated

PART OF THE FIRST SHIPMENT OF 1,000 WILLYS-OVERLAND UNDERWATER JEEPS: Four of the jeeps undergoing tests in a river before delivery to the United States Navy. They are similar in appearance to jeeps in general production, but for the deep-water fording equipment which allows them to travel when submerged. Only the "snort-type" breathing device need project above the water. During the war the waterproofing of vehicles became a well-defined feature in all mobile units, but waterproofing was a long business and not 100 per cent. sure. In these new jeeps the technique is the same, but the equipment is of a permanent character

CONSTRUCTING A PREFABRICATED SECTION OF THE NEW WASHBURN TUNNEL NOW LAID BENEATH HOUSTON SHIP CANAL, TEXAS: This is part of one of the four steel and concrete tubes (each 375 ft. long) built at the Ingalls Shipbuilding Yard at Pascagoula, Mississippi, launched shipwise, and then towed subsequently a distance of 400 miles to Pasadena, Texas

LAUNCHING ONE OF THE FOUR SECTIONS OF THE WASHBURN TUNNEL AT PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI, 400 MILES



SEALING ONE OF THE PREFABRICATED TUNNEL SECTIONS BEFORE LAUNCHING: A 32-ft. bulkhead being swung into position by crane on the launching ways at Ingalls Shipbuilding Yard, Pascagoula, Mississippi

A TUNNEL BUILT IN A SHIPYARD

INSTALLING THE NEW WASHBURN TUNNEL BENEATH HOUSTON SHIP CANAL

Construction of the trench-type vehicular tunnel which has just opened for traffic under the Houston Ship Canal has involved many fascinating and unusual problems, most of them more familiar to the shipbuilder.

Besides the new Washburn Tunnel there are only seven other trench-type tunnels now operating in the United States and one in Europe, under the Maas River at Rotterdam. There are variations in design, but all involved substantially the same principle—dredging a trench and building the tunnel from tube sections constructed ashore. When a tunnel is bored through rock or soil beneath the water, it is called a "driven tunnel."

Construction of a trench-type tunnel calls for a delicate combination of heavy construction, muscle and feathertip precision unmatched anywhere else. Unfortunately for the general public there is little to be seen from the shore. Most of the work on the Washburn Tunnel—and by far the most exciting part—was hidden completely from sight some 90 ft. under the Houston Ship Canal. Except for the "in the dry" construction of the land, approach sections, all that met the eye was a period of seemingly weird river-top activity hard to understand unless you know the A B C of trench-type tunnels.

The most critical part of the construction work centred on the 1,500-ft. underwater part of the tunnel, some 3,000 ft. long from portal to portal. To build it, there were these six major operations that had to be carried out successively by Merritt-Chapman and Scott, the general contractors:

(1) Dredge a trench some 90 ft. deep by 40 ft. wide across the bottom of the Ship Canal.

(2) Float into exact position four giant prefabricated tube sections of steel, each 375 ft. long and 35 ft. across the width of the octagonal-shaped outer shell.

(3) Sink and lock those sections into place at the bottom of the trench, some 85 ft. under water.

(4) Pour concrete under water to build an additional protective outer ring for the tube.

(5) Cover the tunnel with earth.

(6) Complete interior concrete work, tiling and other finishing touches.

This quick outline hardly gives an idea of the magnitude of the job, or the on-the-spot problems which had to be solved along the way by Merritt-Chapman and Scott and Palmer and Baker, Inc., consulting engineers for the project.

While tunnels may run to type, no two projects are ever the same, no matter how closely similar the dimensions. As you 'll see later, even the buoyancy of the water at the site is a variable and important factor. Through experience—and they have already built two other large-scale trench-tunnel projects, the vehicular tunnel under the Detroit River linking Detroit with Windsor, Canada, and Chicago's State Street double subway tube under the Chicago River—Merritt-Chapman and Scott know that each develops a distinctive "personality" of its own during construction.

Motorists who whirl through the double-lane Washburn Tunnel will admire its sparkling tile, but will never guess, for example, that its sections of steel casing were fabricated in Mississippi and were floated 400 miles to reach their home under the Houston Ship Canal. Built on the ways of the Ingalls Shipbuilding Company at Pascagoula, Miss., they were fitted with watertight bulkheads at either end, launched one by one like any deep-sea vessel, and then—looking like some prehistoric sea monster—were towed by tug through the Gulf of Mexico and Inland Waterway.

First they were taken to the Clinton Docks at Galena Park, two miles from the tunnel site, for "shape-up" work. At that time, each 375-ft. section was nothing

WHERE THE PREFABRICATED TUNNEL WAS SUNK BENEATH THE WATERS OF THE HOUSTON SHIP CANAL, THUS ENABLING MOTORISTS BOUND FOR SOUTH TEXAS TO BY-PASS THE CENTRE OF HOUSTON: This air-view of the Washburn Tunnel shows the north approach road and the entrance with the ventilation tunnel rising above. The prefabricated tunnel sections were sunk by pouring concrete between the inner and outer shells

THE NORTHERN APPROACH ROAD TO WASHBURN TUNNEL: The highway leading in from Galena Park to the tunnel entrance. At the head of the ramp is a large traffic roundabout

FROM THE SPOT WHERE IT HAS BEEN INSTALLED

BUILDING THE SHORE SECTIONS OF THE TRENCH TUNNEL: This was a very simple part of the task, merely involving large-scale excavation. The sinking of the underwater sections in the canal presented the main engineering problem

MPLETING AN ARCH SECTION AT THE SOUTHERN APPROACH: Sheet piling was driven into the edges of the excavated trench to prevent landslides and the possible collapse of neighbouring buildings: 1,500 ft. of the tunnel are under water and 1,500 ft. constitute the mouth of the South approach sections

THE START OF SINKING OPERATIONS: Cranes mounted on barges preparing to assist in the task of lowering the prefabricated sections of the tunnel into the trench which was excavated in the bed of the Houston Ship Canal

ch more than a circular steel tube closed in an octagonal-shaped outer shell. ll afloat, but settling deeper as work gressed, they were fitted with a 2-ft.-thick ner ring of concrete, steel reinforced roadway, walkway, ventilator ducts and conduits. All concrete had to be poured through mporary openings in the top of the tube ction, later sealed by welded plates. And ery pour had to be delicately timed and anced to guard against bending the steel mework in any way. In the last pour at e Clinton Docks, concrete was sent into e open space between the inner tube and ter shell until each section rode as low in e water as it could without sinking. Then, e by one, they were taken on their last o-mile ride to the site, where other crews d dredged the channel-bottom trench.

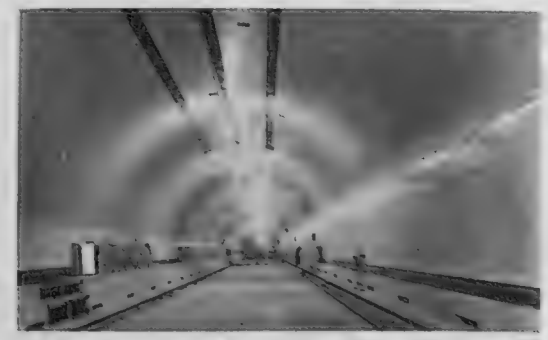
Nudging the unwieldy 375-ft. sections o precise position above the trench called perfect co-ordination ashore and afloat. bring them into direct alignment, ineers ashore took transit sights on pinnt masts fitted atop either end of each tion. Working on their signals, floating ricks then shunted each tube into position held it in a plumb line while the tube s sunk into its blue-printed place.

If you ever tried pushing a barrel under er, you 'll know it was no easy job to a 375-ft. buoyant tube to the channel om. To do it, more concrete was gradu- poured between the outer and inner lls, each extra ton sending the section per. While measured in tons of concrete, operation demanded hairbreadth accuracy order to insure absolute control over the derous tube every inch of the way. Once the Washburn Tunnel's steel shell s locked into position, encased with ncrete and covered with backfill, the rest me comparatively easy. One by one the mporary watertight bulkheads at either d of each section were taken down. Then, adually, the balance of the interior work ged up until the tunnel was finished off o one gleaming stretch of well-lighted tile.

CONCRETING THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE STEEL TUNNELS: This was done at the Clinton Docks at Galena Park, which are about two miles from the tunnel site. A 2-ft.-thick inner ring of concrete was installed, and as this was done the section slowly sank lower into the water

ONE UNDERWATER SECTION OF THE TUNNEL IS WELDED TO ANOTHER: This having been done, the watertight bulkheads at the end of each tube were removed. The last bulkhead was burnt through with oxy-acetylene apparatus

right—BUILDING THE VENTILATION CHAMBER: In this chamber three blower fans pour fresh air into the tunnel through an air-duct beneath the carriageway



THE TILED INTERIOR OF THE TUNNEL BRIGHT WITH MODERN FLUORESCENT LIGHTING: The overall length of the tunnel from gradient to gradient is 3,786 ft. and 2,936 ft. from portal to portal. It has cost approximately 7,000,000 dollars, while another 2,000,000 dollars has been spent on the access road system. The tunnel's initial traffic flow has been approximately 10,000 cars daily

MODERNISING BROOKLYN BRIDGE : Men engaged in the first stage of operations on New York's most famous bridge which was inaugurated sixty-seven years ago and is now being widened to meet modern traffic needs. In place of the present sidewalks and dual carriageways there will be a six-lane concrete highway permitting a flow of 6,000 cars per hour. The task of modernisation is expected to cost 6,000,000 dollars and has only been made possible by the completion of the new Brooklyn-Battery Point Tunnel, which will temporarily share with the neighbouring Manhattan Bridge the full weight of the traffic across New York's East River

STREAMLINING OPERATIONS OVER THE EAST RIVER : Workmen engaged in removing a steel girder on Brooklyn Bridge which is now being radically altered in order to meet modern traffic needs. The bridge approaches are also being modernised, and this indeed is a major part of the task

BREAKING UP THE ROADWAY FOR SOUTHBOUND TRAFFIC ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE : The removal of steel girders between the existing carriageways will greatly aid traffic

TACKLING NEW YORK'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM

Brooklyn Bridge is Closed for Widening and the Brooklyn Tunnel Opens

THE MANHATTAN APPROACH TO THE NEW BROOKLYN-BATTERY POINT TUNNEL : Looking down the carriageways to the tunnel entrance not far from Battery Point at the southern tip of Manhattan. The tunnel links the Borough of Brooklyn with Broadway, passing beneath the estuary of the East River

When the Holland Tunnel was built across the Hudson River in the '20's at a cost of 48,000,000 dollars, it provided an effective new link between Manhattan and hardly less populous Jersey City. It showed from the outset that it could take a great weight of traffic off the Hudson River bridges, so in 1940 it was decided to find similar relief for the thronged bridges across the East River, particularly Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges, which bear such a burden of traffic between Manhattan's southern tip and the Boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. Work was stopped on the tunnel during the war years, and it was consequently not until the autumn of 1948 that contact beneath the East River was made by the excavation gangs working from opposite directions. Since then the tunnel has steadily progressed, although the original contract price of 57,000,000 dollars has been far exceeded. With its twin tubes, each taking two lanes of traffic, it is about 300 yards short of two miles in length.

A LORRY TRAVELS THROUGH THE NEW TUNNEL : The roadway is paved with non-skid bricks. The walls and the roof are tiled

HE WAS DETERMINED TO BE FIRST : Mr. G. E. Horne, of Hempstead, sitting on the mudguard of his car at the Brooklyn entrance to the Brooklyn-Battery Point Tunnel. He waited for over twenty-four hours to be the first paying customer through the tunnel, but was foiled by Mr. Fortunate Conti driving a motor-cycle

OCCUPYING THE SITE OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY OF SHERBORNE: Some of the ancient buildings of Sherborne School (left), and in the background the steps leading to the library. This week (June 7-10) Sherborne is celebrating the 400th anniversary of its charter granted by Edward VI, the re-founder of the school

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF SHERBORNE SCHOOL

A ROYAL VISIT PRECEDES THE COMMEMORATION OF THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRANTING OF SHERBORNE'S CHARTER BY EDWARD VI

When the King and Queen visited Sherborne last week they did honour to one of England's most ancient public schools; for the 400 years since Edward VI granted Sherborne's charter in 1550 represents less than one-third of the story. We have indeed to look back to the saintly Aldhelm (*circa* 640-709), Bishop of Sherborne and English scholar, who studied under the great African scholar Hadrian, Abbot of St. Augustine's at Canterbury, for the beginnings of Sherborne in the realm of education. There are living still many Sherborne old boys who remember the festivities at Sherborne Castle in June 1905 in commemoration of the 1,200th anniversary of "the town, the bishopric and the school."

Edward VI, that ill-starred young scholar and staunch Protestant, is, however, the historical figure most concerned in the celebrations which culminate to-day, June 10, and it was he who made the governing body one of the first purely lay educational corporations in England. It is not without interest to reflect that in the year Edward granted that charter, when he was a mere stripling of thirteen, he was reading Aristotle's *Ethics* in the original and was himself translating Cicero's *Re Philosophopia* into Greek. Three years later the ardent but weakly young founder was gathered to his fathers, Cranmer burying him with Protestant rites in Henry VII's Chapel and Mary saying mass for his soul in the Tower of London.

The first 250 years of the modern Sherborne School were not conspicuously important. The Civil War did not leave the school untouched, and, indeed, the Parliamentary soldiers were billeted in it in 1646. The records show that their commander, Captain Hellyar, ordered the removal of the Royal arms and the statue of the founder. The latter was hidden and later retrieved, and to-day it

(Continued on following page)

AT WORK IN SHERBORNE'S LABORATORY: The head of the school, F. M. Anderton. He is also captain of football and cricket

SHERBORNE'S HEADMASTER: Canon Alexander Ross Wallace walking across "the Courts" to take a class. In 1949, the fifteenth year of Canon Wallace's headmastership, the number of boys in the school reached the all-time record of 555. His prosperous rule will come to an end at the end of the present summer term

C

"THE COURTS" AT SHERBORNE FROM THE MAIN GATE: When Edward VI granted his charter to Sherborne in 1550 he made its Governors members of one of the first purely lay educational corporations in England. Sherborne, through the centuries, however, has not quite lost its links with the monastic past

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF SHERBORNE SCHOOL

(Contd. from previous page)

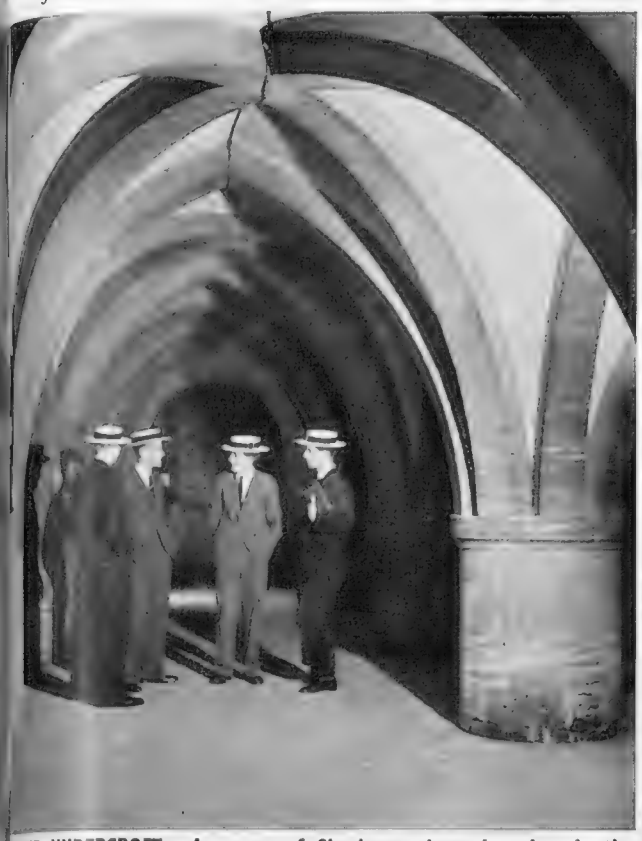
presides over the School House dining-room. Contemporary politics again intruded themselves into the school's history when one of the head-masters, John Goodenough (1670-83), a layman and physician, was dismissed for supporting Shaftesbury's "Exclusion Bill." "Being a Royal foundation and so well endowed," wrote the Earl of Bristol, "it were pity any but a loyal man should enjoy it."

The eighteenth century was a period of alternate decline and progress in the school, and one headmaster, Benjamin Wilding (1720-33), actually became involved in bitter litigation with the Governors because he had taken paying boarders in addition to the free foundations. John Cutler (1790-1822) was another whose enthusiasm was damped by continual wrangles with the Governors. One of the creators of modern Sherborne, the great public school we know to-day, was Hugo Daniel Harper (1850-77), who brought the number of scholars up from a low water-mark of forty, including two boarders, to 278, of whom only thirty were day boys. With new statutes in 1851 and a new governing body in 1871, after the school had been reconstituted under the Endowed Schools Commission, Sherborne went ahead. It was transformed, in fact, from a country grammar school to a place of learning in the tradition of the great Dr. Arnold, the genius of Rugby.

A CLASS IN ENGLISH HISTORY: Mr. H. H. Brown with his boys in the medieval surroundings of the old monastery storehouse. The school has twenty-two class-rooms, six laboratories, an art school, a music school, a gym and workshops

SHERBORNE STILL WEARS THE "BOATER": Some of the senior boys passing through the main gateway of the school, which is adorned with the arms of Edward VI

DINING BENEATH THE STATUE OF SHERBORNE'S RE-FOUNDER, KING EDWARD VI: Now used as a dining-room in School House, it was once the old schoolroom, dating from 1670. The statue was almost destroyed in the Civil War, but a good Royalist hid it away when Parliamentary troops were billeted at Sherborne



IN THE UNDERCROFT : A group of Sherborne boys in what is the oldest part of the existing buildings, dating back to 1453

IN ART CLASS IN SESSION : Some of the boys engaged in drawing a flower subject set for them by the school's art mistress

ONE OF THE STUDIES IN THE " ABBOT'S LODGING " : The room is shared by three boys, and in the summer term only a very small proportion of their time is spent within its confines

THE SCHOOL TUCKSHOP : The school food may be first-class and plentiful, but from Winchester to Fettes, Holt to Brecon, on the hill and in the plain, the tuckshop, " grubber," or whatever it may be called in any particular school, holds its place in the life of the school. Sherborne's tuckshop is no exception

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY IN THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY GUESTEN, OR GUEST HALL : This has a fine beamed roof, and stained-glass windows shed the dim, religious light which for some reason is considered appropriate in school libraries. Sherborne's library is well stocked, and contains many school relics

A P.T. CLASS IN PROGRESS IN THE GYMNASIUM : Sherborne, unlike some of the urban public schools, has ample facilities for sport, possessing a cricket ground of about 40 acres, squash rackets courts and fives courts. In the gym basket-ball is always a favoured alternative to the stereotyped P.T. class

GUARDIANS OF THE BAROTSE FOREST LAND: A Northern Rhodesian Government forest ranger and his African assistant surveying a section of "teak" forest from which some of the larger trees have already been cut. The "teak" forests are situated in the sandy and arid country near the Zambesi Valley and date from a time when this part of Central Africa enjoyed a much more plentiful rainfall. The redwoods are a great natural asset to Northern Rhodesia, but so difficult are they to propagate and protect, that it seems likely they may die out

WORK IN RHODESIA'S REDWOOD FORESTS: Preserving an Asset of the Empire

In a remote corner of the Empire, in Southern Barotseland live a little colony of men whose lives are devoted to the exploitation of one of the Empire's strangest and most problematical assets. They live and work in the redwood, or "teak," forests of Northern Rhodesia.

Probably nowhere in the world is the art of forestry so difficult. Redwood (its other name is "Rhodesian Teak") is one of the hardest and heaviest woods in the world and makes the best parquet flooring and railway sleepers, that last longer than any other wood. But so difficult are the trees to propagate and to protect that it seems likely that they may die out.

Each tree takes from 80 to 140 years to reach maturity; that is, a circumference of 5 or 6 ft. and a height of 60 ft. or more. But surveys of the forests show that there are very few young trees coming on—scarcely enough to provide for the future even if exploitation were drastically curtailed.

Forestry experts differ as to the reason for this: the generally accepted theory is that the forests are a left-over from a bygone age, when the climate of this part of the Zambesi Valley was considerably wetter than it is now.

Under present conditions, the most pressing danger to the forests is that of fire. Towards the end of the African dry season, the ground is covered in a tangle of undergrowth, which is dry as tinder. If this catches alight—which it can do from natural causes, or through the carelessness of some hunter or traveller who neglects to put out the embers over which he has cooked his meal—the conflagration can destroy hundreds of acres of forest at a time.

The value of Rhodesian Redwood was first discovered shortly after the 1914-18 war, when railway engineers were looking for a suitable wood from which to make sleepers for the railway lines. Redwood is heavy, immensely strong, and, more important, resistant to the African white ant, which eats its way through nearly every other kind of wood. Originally, all the ties on the railways which Cecil Rhodes and his men had built, to make possible the exploitation of Central Africa, were made of steel. This was expensive and, moreover, uncomfortable to travel over. Rhodesian teak provided the answer, and a company was formed to exploit it.

Simultaneously, the Northern Rhodesia Forestry Department started work to ensure that the forests were not excessively cut and to maintain supplies of timber for future generations. Their task was, and is, superlatively far from easy, because of the difficulty of ensuring that sufficient young trees will reach maturity. The forests belong to the Paramount Chief of Barotseland, to whom the exploiting company pay a royalty on every tree that is cut. Three-quarters of the revenue so earned is paid into a fund called "The Barotse Forest Fund," which is devoted by the native Government to protection of the forests and on schemes that will ensure a greater degree of regeneration.

Steel watch-towers have been constructed, from which African watchmen keep a constant look-out during the dry season for the first signs of the fires which used to devastate huge sections of the forest in the past. Armies of workmen, using Bren-carriers, whose tracks can cope with the thick loose sand in which the forests grow, have made fire-breaks which divide the forest into sections and confine any fire that starts to one small section of it. European forestry officers, leading a lonely life, far from the comforts of civilisation, organise protection teams and ensure that the native Government's legislation is observed by the natives whose villages are scattered among the fertile spots in that barren, lonely land.

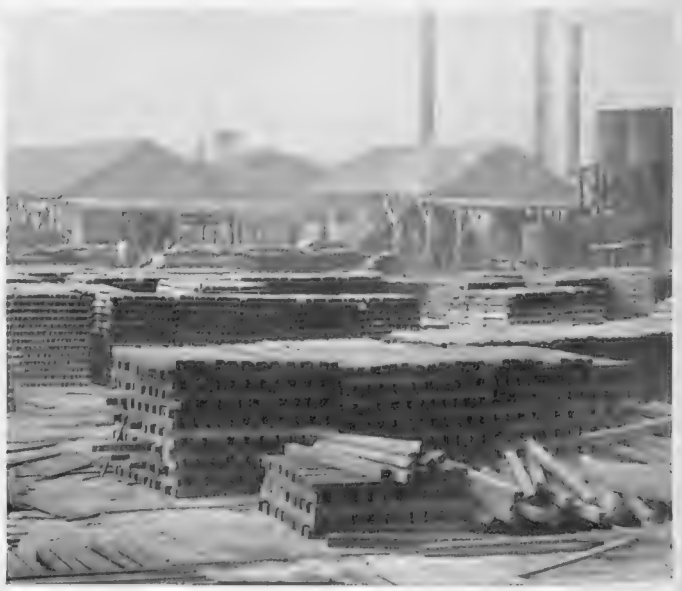
A TRAIN IS ASSEMBLED AT ONE OF THE LOGGING SIDINGS: The engine is fired on the inward journey with branches too small for other use, and on the outward journey with waste from the mills, and this despite the fact that Rhodesia is one of the most potentially rich coal-yielding areas in the world. The single-track railway connecting the forests and the mills is 100 miles long

FIRE-CONTROL IN THE REDWOOD FORESTS: *Left*—A Bren-carrier tows a heavy steel drag which breaks down the undergrowth and makes a path across which the fire cannot travel. *Right*—Charred stumps, in the midst of a tangle of newly-grown brushwood, in a section of the forest country which was overwhelmed by fire in 1948. At the end of each dry season the undergrowth is tinder dry, and it takes very little indeed to set whole areas of forest ablaze

THE AXEMEN OF THE SESHEKE DISTRICT OF BAROTSELAND: Using Canadian logging axes with handles of local manufacture, two men can cut down a stout redwood in a few minutes. This tree was actually felled in seven minutes

BEFORE EACH LOG IS LOADED FOR DESPATCH FROM THE FOREST TO THE SAWMILL IT IS CHECKED FOR SIZE BY THE STAFF OF THE FORESTRY DEPARTMENT: This is done with exactitude, as the company exploiting the forest lands pays a royalty to the Barotse Native Government which is calculated on the cubic capacity of all sound logs cut

A HIDDEN WOUND: Even a less serious fire can ruin trees to which it is not actually fatal. It will char the bark of a young tree so severely that, although subsequent growth hides the wound, there remains a "pipe" which runs sometimes the length of the trunk. The "pipe" in the log seen in this picture has so reduced its value as to make it not worth taking to the mill



A SAWMILL 100 MILES WITHIN THE BUSH: Rhodesian "teak" logs piled in the yard of one of the mills. One of the main products is railway sleepers, which provide better running conditions than metal sleepers and are ant resistant

THE BIG BERLIN PARADE

The Communist Demonstration in the Eastern Sector

PEOPLE'S POLICE MARCH DOWN UNTER DEN LINDEN: Part of the big Whitsuntide parade which went in review order before President Pieck

THE MARCH OF THE BLUE SHIRTS AROUSED MANY MEMORIES: Girls and boys of the Free German Youth. They wore cornflower blue

FROM KARL MARX TO WILHELM PIECK: Young Communists carrying banners bearing portraits of their leaders and garlands of flowers won deep-throated applause

WITH ARMS LINKED AND CARRYING THEIR GARLANDS HEAD HIGH: The blue-shirted young Communists who were drenched with rain at an earlier stage of their march

AFTER THE MARCHING, THE SPEECH-MAKING: *Left*—The gathering in the Lustgarten, where the young Communists heard their leaders, who pledged East Germany to work for peace. *Right*—As Herr Grotwohl addressed an evening gathering young Communists stood in groups round torches, simulating the effect of camp-fire meetings

"German boys and girls, the capital of Germany awaits you," were the ominous words on a great banner at the Brandenburger Tor, on the borderland between Berlin's East and West Sectors, but the much-heralded Whitsuntide march of the Communist Free German Youth and the Young Pioneers in the Eastern Sector did not turn into an invasion of the West Sectors, although squads of Communist youths had previously sneaked in to paste up their posters. The three-day rally went off, indeed, rather like a damp squib, for rain drenched the marchers on more than one occasion and marred certain of the well-planned festivities. There was general satisfaction in the West Sectors at the peaceful nature of the rally, the avoidance of incidents, and, as Burgomaster Reuter said when it was all over, the week-end's sensation was that there was no sensation. The British and American commandants in Berlin made statements echoing this satisfaction, and Major-General Taylor, United States Army, declared that the outcome of the rally was a victory for the Western forces. A challenge and a threat had been deliberately made and flatly answered.

The Communist Rally was well staged, and from every corner of Germany's Eastern Zone young people arrived in Berlin by train, by bus, and on foot. About 500,000 of them took part in the biggest of the parades, when the Free German Youth, in their shirts of cornflower blue, and the Young Pioneers marched past President Pieck in the Lustgarten. Uniforms, banners, bands and songs gave at least a para-military air to the occasion, which started with the release of pigeons and the firing of rockets, and finished with the despatch of a telegram to Generalissimo Stalin. This telegram pledged the demonstrators to work for peace and promised that they would never allow themselves to be exploited for war against the Soviet Union or against "progress." The parade, being of a nature which makes a deep appeal to Germans, won vast applause from the onlookers, who turned out in much greater force than they did on May Day. After Whitsun Burgomaster Reuter warned the Western Powers: "We have no illusions that Soviet Germany has given up plans for the conquest of West Berlin. The very fact that it was possible to parade vast numbers of young people in military fashion showed the totalitarian danger from the East."

BEND OR, THE FIRST DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S DERBY WINNER OF 1880, AND THE GREATEST MALE ANCESTOR IN THE STUD BOOK TO-DAY: Bend Or was by Doncaster out of Rouge Rose, by Thormanby. He sired the mighty Ormonde, unbeaten winner of the Triple Crown and thirteen other races. This is one of the many photographs in the Exhibition, The British Racehorse, which is being held at Rowland Ward's Galleries at 166, Piccadilly. It includes every Derby winner from 1884 to 1940, and many pictures belonging to earlier years when photography was very much in its infancy

HAMPTON, SIRE OF THREE DERBY WINNERS: Named after winning a selling race at Hampton, this horse is the great connecting link in the Newminster-Lord Clifden male-line chain. A very successful sire, he got three Derby winners, but it was another son, Bay Ronald, who carried on the line, represented to-day through Gainsborough and the prolific Son-in-Law

HEROES AND HEROINES OF THE TURF

A GALLERY OF RACING PHOTOGRAPHS AT A LONDON EXHIBITION

Just how and why the French are carrying off all the prizes on the British Turf no one seems to know exactly, save possibly M. Boussac, the millionaire owner-breeder, whose filly Asmena won the Oaks (with Rae Johnstone up) and whose colt Galcador, thought to be a non-stayer, won the Derby on the following Saturday, again under Johnstone's skilful piloting. M. Boussac's secret probably lies in imaginative breeding, and in Djebel, winner of the 2,000 Guineas in 1939, the sire of Galcador, and Pharis, he certainly has two first-class stallions as the foundation of his stud. The whole subject of thoroughbred breeding, so much to the fore at the moment as a result of the run of French successes, is reviewed pictorially in an exhibition sponsored by *The British Racehorse*, the breeder's journal, and due to open its doors on June 12 at Rowland Ward's Galleries at 166, Piccadilly. This exhibition, including pictures of every Derby winner from 1884 to 1940, and some of earlier date, is based on the photographs of the Newmarket photographers the late Frank Griggs and Clarence Hailey. The collection will be displayed in such a way as to render comparison easy; the sires by their male lines and the brood mares classified in their Bruce Lowe families.

Altogether this will be a fascinating display, at once of appeal to the general public superficially interested in the great thoroughbreds of the past and to the keen student of breeding. We see how in the early part of the present century the influence of St. Simon was paramount in British racing, and through the combined contribution of the products of Lord Derby's stud, his greatness was handed on.

The exhibition will show, too, the trend in recent years, in the course of which the initiative has switched to France. It was, indeed, the victory of Djebel in the 2,000 Guineas of 1939 that paved the way for this trend.

ONE OF THE GREATEST SIRES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TURF: Hermit, by Newminster out of Seclusion, the winner of the Derby of 1867. This photograph was taken in 1890

THE LATE J. B. JOEL WITH SUNSTAR, GEORGE STERN UP: Sunstar, a brown colt by the sprinter Sundridge from the little mare Doris, by Loved One, won the 2,000 Guineas and the Derby in 1911. His half-sister, Princess Dorrie, won the 1,000 Guineas and the Oaks. Stern was one of the most successful American jockeys to ride in Europe. A large number of his successes were in France

SHE RAN ONCE AND WON ONCE, IN A CANTER: Cherimoya, the Oaks winner of 1911, with her owner, Mr. J. Broderick Cloete (left), her trainer, C. Marsh, and F. Winter in the saddle. Cherimoya, a bay filly by Cherry Tree out of Svelte, of the line of St. Simon, won the Oaks with ease and after that went to stud. She was a granddam of Mr. J. A. Dewar's Derby winner Cameronian

A ROYAL WINNER BRED AT SANDRINGHAM: The late Willie Jarvis with King George V's Scuttle (J. Childs up), a picture taken shortly after the filly's victory in the 1,000 Guineas. Scuttle was a handsome bay filly by Captain Cuttle, and there was much in her appearance to remind racegoers of the Derby winner. Her dam was Stained Glass. King George V was a consistent but not a spectacular patron of the Turf. Several of his horses were leased from the National Stud

DJEBEL—THE SIRE OF GALCADOR, WINNER OF THE DERBY OF 1950 : Bred and owned by M. Marcel Boussac, Djebel won the 2,000 Guineas of 1939, ridden by C. Elliott, who is seen in the saddle, and later scored in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. One of the outstanding stallions in Europe, his winners in England include Arbar, Djeddah, Marveil II, and now Galcador. He is by Tourbillon out of Loika

AN UNEXPECTED DERBY WINNER WHICH PROVED A FAILURE AT STUD : The late Tom Walls, actor, film-maker, showman and trainer, with April V, winner of the greatest of the classics in 1932. Mr. S. MacGregor was part-owner. F. Lane, who rode April V in the Derby, is in the saddle. April V was by Craig an Eran, and his dam was Sold Again. He was descended from the Oaks winner Summerside

A PARAGON ON THE TURF AND AT STUD : St. Simon, bred in 1881 by Galopin out of St. Angela, the sixth Duke of Portland's great horse was unbeaten, and at stud was leading sire nine times. He sired two Derby winners, the brothers Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee

LORD ROSEBERY'S FIRST DERBY WINNER, LADAS : The celebrated statesman and sportsman with his fine bay colt by Hampton out of Illuminata. Ladas won the 2,000 Guineas and Derby, starting at odds-on for both events, but was beaten in the St. Leger by Lord Alington's Throstle. In 1895, the year after Ladas triumphed, Lord Rosebery won the Derby with Sir Visto, and he was successful again in 1905 with Cicero. Jack Watts, who rode Ladas, is seen with the long leathers which jockeys affected before the "American invasion" led by Fordham

PRETTY POLLY, A GREAT FAVOURITE WITH THE RACING PUBLIC : The late Major Eustace Loder's celebrated filly which won the 1,000 Guineas and Oaks and then went on to triumph over the colts in the St. Leger of 1904. By Gallinule, Pretty Polly was a chestnut filly out of Admiration by Saraband. Few other fillies in modern times have captured popular admiration to quite the same remarkable extent

THE LATE ALEC TAYLOR AND SCEPTRE, WHEN THE FAMOUS MARE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD : Mr. R. S. Sievier, who was associated with Horatio Bottomley in some of his enterprises, bought Sceptre when she was a yearling for £10,000. He obtained a wonderful bargain, as this bay colt by Persimmon won the 1,000 Guineas and Oaks, was narrowly defeated in the Derby, and finally triumphed in the St. Leger

FROM LONDON, SCOTLAND AND PROVINCIAL ENGLAND

A Survey of the Home News in Pictures

THE INSTALLATION OF DR. G. M. TREVELYAN AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM: The celebrated historian, who is Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, walking in procession with Lord Eustace Percy (left) to the Great Hall at Durham Castle before the ceremony. Just behind them is Mr. Leopold Amery, who was among the recipients of honorary degrees. Sir James Duff, the Vice-Chancellor, welcomed Dr. Trevelyan as "a lifelong and hereditary vassal of the muse of history"

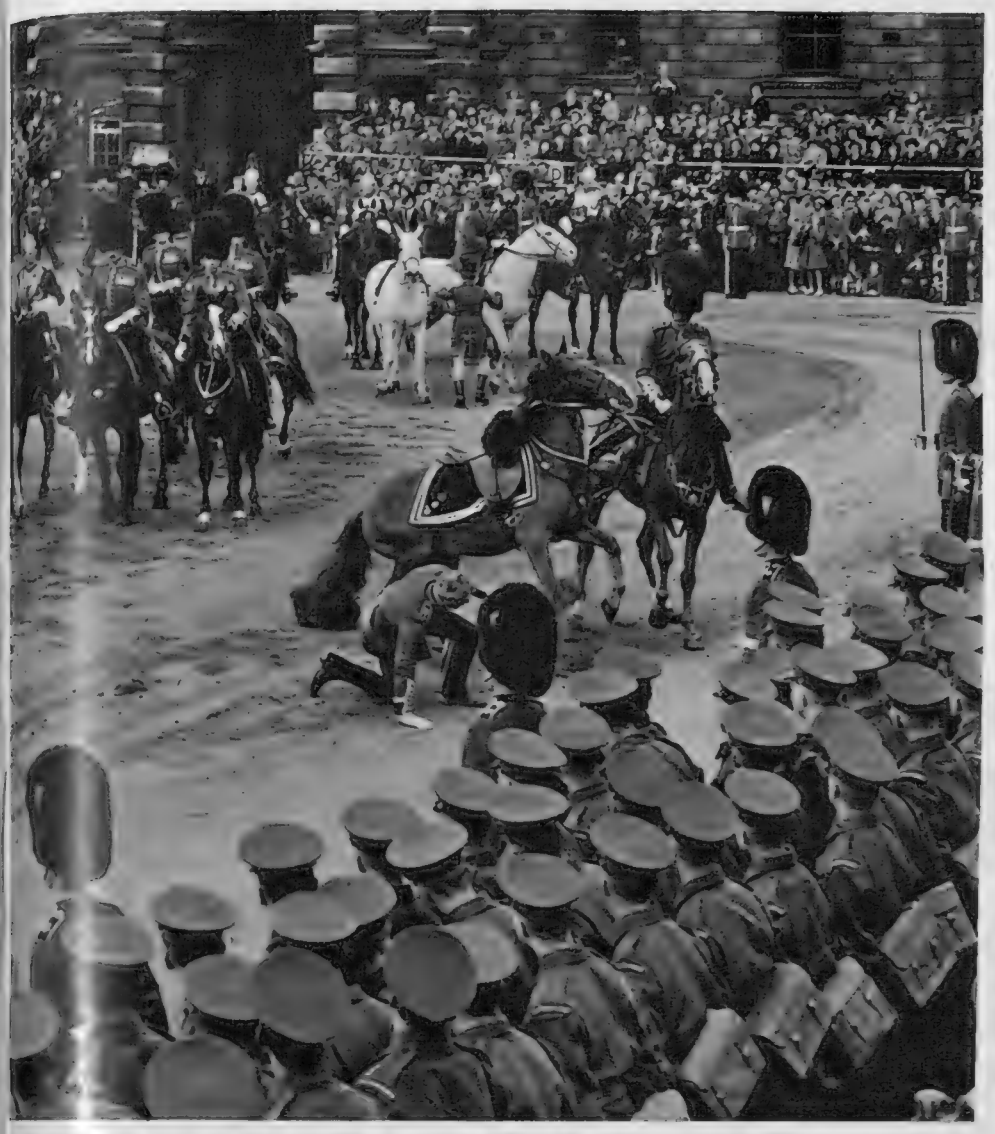
THE MACE-BEARER LEADS THE WAY IN THE PROCESSION FROM DURHAM CASTLE TO THE CATHEDRAL: Behind him walks Dr. Trevelyan, the newly-installed Chancellor of Durham University, who is followed by the honorary graduands of the day. In his address Dr. Trevelyan said that "to-day the Universities are more important than ever before, because in an equalitarian society the universities alone can maintain the standard of quality as distinct from quantity, and of scholarly knowledge as distinct from public opinion. Without those things no civilisation could be of very high value"

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE METHODIST FAITH: The Rev. Edgar H. Hines dedicating the little granite cottage on the Launceston-Bodmin road, where more than 200 years ago Digory Isbell and his wife gave shelter to John Wesley. The cottage has been bought for restoration by Cornish Methodists and is to be used as an occasional preaching place

F. R. STRANAHAN, OF THE UNITED STATES, WINS THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FOR THE SECOND TIME IN THREE YEARS: The victor is seen receiving the massive trophy from Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrews, after he had beaten his compatriot R. D. Chapman by eight up and six. Stranahan, who hails from Toledo, Ohio, is twenty-eight, and is probably now at his golfing peak. He has every shot in the game, and coupled with that has an ideal temperament for championship play

WHERE JOHN WESLEY PREACHED ONE OF HIS 40,000 SERMONS ON A HORSEBACK TOUR THROUGH THE WEST COUNTRY MORE THAN 200 YEARS AGO: The Rev. Frank T. Copplestone, of Liverpool, preaching at Gwennap Pit, in the Cornish village of St. Day, where he had a vast Whitsuntide congregation of Methodists. It was in the spring of 1739 that Wesley first began to preach in the open air in Bristol, swiftly gaining a remarkable following that spread throughout the West Country, through South Wales and many parts of the North of England. In the same year Wesley first preached at the "Foundary" in Finsbury Square, London, and he afterwards bought the ruinous structure for £115, repaired it, and made it the London headquarters of the Methodist faith. Recently Cornish Methodists created a permanent memorial to Wesley, at Trewint, when the Rev. E. H. Hines dedicated the cottage where Wesley was given shelter by Digory Isbell. The cottage, after being dedicated (as shown in the picture reproduced *left* centre on this page), was opened by a descendant of Digory, a Manchester fruit merchant

CRICKETERS TURN BACK THE CLOCK AT COBHAM, KENT: In top hat and tails, Mr. Frank Scott wields his bat when playing for Cobham Cricket Club against the Blue Bell Hill eleven in a match held to mark the centenary of the Cobham Cricket Club. The players and most of the spectators dressed in the fashions of 1850 and, in keeping with those days, the players scorned pads and bowled underhand. When the club began, over-arm bowling was taboo except in those clubs which excelled in what was known as "the rough" game



10,000 PEOPLE SAW THIS INCIDENT AT THE FIRST OF TWO REHEARSALS FOR THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY : Colonel G. W. Browning, Welsh Guards, rising from the ground after his horse had stumbled and thrown him. Colonel Browning escaped injury. During the rehearsal two Guardsmen fainted and had to be carried away from the parade. The spectators afterwards had a preview of a spectacle now almost restored to its full pre-war grandeur. It was arranged that the King should not be mounted for this year's Trooping, since he has not sufficiently recovered from his disability to ride horseback without incurring an element of risk

TRIAL FLIGHT OVER THE NEW HELICOPTER MAIL ROUTE : A Westland-Sikorsky S 51 arriving at Speke Airport, Liverpool, from Pengam Moors, Cardiff, when completing a preliminary trip preparatory to the inauguration of the new service on June 1. Three Westland-Sikorsky's and four pilots are being used to maintain a twice daily return service, and from July 1 an intermediate stop will be made at Wrexham if any passengers wish to stop or be picked up there. Two routes have been worked out—one for good weather and the other when visibility is poor. The 135-mile fine weather route from Cardiff is via Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Condover Airfield (five miles south of Shrewsbury), and Runcorn to Speke. The bad weather route is ten miles longer and is by way of Chepstow, Gloucester, Worcester, Stourport, Iron Bridge, Shrewsbury and Runcorn. Regulations for the operation of a helicopter passenger service have had to be worked out. The machines must fly always under visual flight conditions—that is, in sight of the ground—and must keep at least 500 ft. above ground-level. If the cloud base is lower than this, or if the horizontal visibility is under half-a-mile, the helicopter must turn back. The machines will maintain radio-telephone contact with ground stations throughout the journey. The Westland-Sikorsky S 51 has room for three passengers, who sit side by side on a comfortable bench-type seat immediately behind the pilot. The upper half of the cabin is completely glassed in, so that passengers get an excellent view as they fly low over the countryside

THE SEVEN STONES LIGHTSHIP COMES IN FOR AN OVERHAUL : The vessel being berthed in Penzance Harbour on her first visit to the mainland for two years. This lightship guards the Seven Stones Rock which is in the main shipping channel seven miles off Land's End

A WAR-DAMAGED LONDON CHURCH WHICH MAY BE RE-ERECTED IN AUSTRALIA : The blitzed Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury, as it now appears. The Bishop of London's Commission on the City churches proposed that St. Mary's and five other churches should not be rebuilt. Now Sydney City Council, New South Wales, has under consideration the rebuilding plan put forward by Mr. W. H. Lober, a member of the Sydney Anglican Synod, who recently visited London. In a statement to the Press the Dean of Sydney has commended the Council for its brilliant and original suggestion. St. Mary's was built by Wren in 1681-82 on the site of an older church which was destroyed in the Great Fire. Milton, it is recorded, married his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, in the old church in 1662

LAST OF THE OLD CLUNIE BRIDGE AT PITLOCHRY : Shortly after this picture was taken the bridge was demolished and the stonework was sent crashing into the bed of the River Tummel. The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board has provided two new bridges; one of them, a slender aluminium structure, is seen in this picture on its equally slender concrete foundations

THE BLOWING UP OF CLUNIE BRIDGE : Debris was hurled high into the air when the bridge was destroyed. It has been demolished because the waters of the new reservoir which will be created when the Pitlochry dam and generating station is completed will rise several feet higher than the parapet of the bridge. In Pitlochry itself the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board has built the new Aldour Bridge, a miniature of the great concrete spans of Waterloo Bridge. It is all part of what is known as the Tummel scheme, the most ambitious of twenty-four schemes projected by the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board. The river is being dammed at Clunie and the waters are being carried via a tunnel in Cammoch Hill

ENGLAND BY LAKE AND RIVER

The National Trust's New Property by Derwentwater

It is good news that the National Trust has increased its property in the Lake District with the purchase of Ashness Farm and Woods along the eastern shore of Derwentwater. On the western shore the Trust already owns 108 acres of wood and parkland, which were, in fact, the first of the Trust's many properties in Lakeland, the forerunner of purchases and gifts in the Buttermere Valley, at Coniston, Ambleside, Grasmere, Windermere and in the Duddon Valley. The land now acquired at Ashness includes the lakeside strip and fields enclosing Barrow Bay and the steep woods stretching from Barrow House almost to Lodore. The farm covers an area of 720 acres, and there are 180 acres of woods. The crags of Ashness Woods give the most dramatic views over Derwentwater. The woods stretch southwards, and actually cross the Watendlath Beck, but do not include the Lodore Falls. Ashness Fell, which is included in the farm, runs right up to High Seat and Pouterhew Pike.

DERWENTWATER VIEWED FROM "THE LOOK-OUT" IN ASHNESS WOODS: Now that these magnificent woods have been taken over by the National Trust "The Look-Out" will no doubt be more than ever a favoured haunt of walkers in the Lake District

A MOUNTAIN TORRENT TUMBLES BENEATH ASHNESS BRIDGE: The bridge is on the Ashness Farm and Woods property lying along the margin of Derwentwater and in the shadow of Skiddaw, which is seen towering in the background. The new property in all covers about 900 acres

YACHTSMEN TAKE A BUFFETING ON THE WATERS OF WINDERMERE: Competitors in the 17-ft. class at the Royal Windermere Yacht Club's recent meeting held under lowering skies and in distinctly stormy conditions. A large crowd turned up to see the races, despite the fact that the holiday season is only just beginning

THE CANOEISTS' ART—COMPETITORS IN THE SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIPS OF GREAT BRITAIN ON THE RIVER EDEN NEAR ARMATHWAITE: *Left*—D. Campbell negotiating one of the gates under the weir at Armathwaite, a sure test of skill in a stretch of water broken by boulders. *Right*—B. Seagar steering his frail craft through the rapids. The slalom championship for 1950 was won by Scotland in true Border-raid style, Maurice Smith of the Tay Canoe Club finishing in a corrected time of 4 mins. 10 secs. The course was a stiff one, consisting of a turn, an upstream pass, two diagonally placed gates (all these right under the weir at Armathwaite), a long stretch of water broken by boulders followed immediately by a reverse gate and two final gates with a turn out of the current to finish. The stream was running at between four and five knots. No. 4 gate was placed over the weir tail-race and was guarded upstream by a large stone which split the current in two. Boats approaching the left-hand stream had to cross it in order to get into position to take the gate. This necessitated shaving the rock as closely as possible, and most competitors took too wide a safety margin, so that bows were caught by one current and sterns by the other, and the furiously-paddling competitors were swept broadside on through the gate, incurring a 60 per cent. penalty addition to their times

HIGH-SPEED WORK BY THE SAPPERS: After the demolition of the bridge on the right the Royal Engineers showed how quickly and with what admirable precision they could bring a new structure into action. The men were taking part at Hawley, Hants, in a series of demonstrations of the manifold field duties of the Royal Engineers, the displays being made chiefly by the 32nd Assault Engineer Regiment. Spectators included foreign military attachés and officers from the Staff College at Camberley. No aspect of Sapper activity seemed to be overlooked, and undoubtedly the most impressive was the display of mine-detection with the aid of dogs

THE DOGS OF WAR

MINE DETECTION WITH DOGS, AND OTHER ASPECTS OF SAPPER ACTIVITY AT A HAMPSHIRE DEMONSTRATION

ALTOGETHER, HEAVE! A newly-constructed Bailey Bridge is pushed across the gap during the demonstration by the Royal Engineers at Hawley. Some of the spectators can be seen in the stand accommodation on right

DOWN GOES THE BRIDGE: The Engineers demonstrate the high-speed wiring and detonation of a charge when destroying a bridge. It was across this same stream that they subsequently showed their ability in putting in place a new span and preparing for the resumption of traffic without delay

THE DOGS OF WAR; BUT NOT QUITE LET LOOSE: Men of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps giving their demonstration at Hawley of the use of dogs in mine-detection. The dogs, wearing harness and in the charge of handlers, operating in a dummy minefield where they showed great precision in detecting buried objects, sometimes a bottle or a tin, but more usually a mine. The dog in the foreground has just sat down, a signal for the sergeant handler to place a mine marker between his forepaws

WITH DOG, PROBE AND WHITE TAPE: The mine-detecting team advances in an area suspected to be alive with mines. Dogs with the retriever strain prove the most effective

Just what canine sense comes into play in the unerring detection of buried objects is not known, nor is the sense peculiar to any particular breed, though the dogs that are quickest at it usually have an element of the retriever in their blood. It is certainly not essentially a thoroughbred trait, for the dogs which took part in the Hawley display of mine-detection were of mixed origin. The demonstration started with the burial of the mines in the presence of the spectators, and then the dogs came along with their handlers, walking over the minefield with obvious eagerness. Now and then one of the dogs would sit down abruptly. A handler would place a marker between the dog's forepaws and, when the dog was led forward, the mine would be retrieved

On *right* — ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF DOGS: The canine mine detectors seen being led into action at the Hawley Display

1. A KEY FIGURE IN NORTH ATLANTIC DEFENCE? Mr. Robert A. Lovett, regarded as a possible head of the twelve-nation executive

2. QUEEN JULIANA IN FRANCE: The Queen with Madame Auriol, President Auriol and M. Robert Schuman, the Foreign Minister

3. ROSIE DOLLY AT ST. CLOUD: Mrs. Irving Netcher, one of the famous Dolly Sisters, seen at the races

4. A NEW FORCE IN THE W.R.A.F.: Group-Officer Lady Seton, new Deputy Director of the Women's Royal Air Force

5. SOUTH AFRICA'S NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON: Dr. Albertus Geyer with Mrs. Geyer

PEOPLE

SOME HEAD-LINED PERSONALITIES

1. A NEW TASK FOR MR. ROBERT A. LOVETT: The former U.S. Under-Secretary has been named in Washington as the most likely choice to direct the new machinery of the North Atlantic Defence Alliance.

2. THE DUTCH ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE: Queen Juliana of the Netherlands and Prince Bernhard were guests at the Quai d'Orsay during their stay in Paris, when Foreign Minister Robert Schuman held a dinner and reception in their honour.

3. ROSIE DOLLY IN PARIS: The celebrated Rosie Dolly, of Dolly Sisters fame, now the wife of Mr. Irving Netcher, wealthy Chicago merchant, was a visitor to St. Cloud races last week. With her in this picture is the Italian publicist, Guido Orlando.

4. NUMBER TWO IN THE W.R.A.F.: Group-Officer Lady Seton, wife of Sir John Hastings Seton, has been appointed Deputy Director of the Women's Royal Air Force. Lady Seton, who hails from South Africa, joined the W.A.A.F. in 1939 as an Assistant Section Officer.

5. THE MAN FROM STELLENBOSCH: Dr. Albertus Geyer, the new South African High Commissioner in London, a former Professor of History at Stellenbosch University and a former editor of that strongly nationalist newspaper *Die Burger*, has his roots deeply implanted in the Nationalist cause and is perhaps one of Dr. Malan's most ardent followers. His wife bears a name honoured in South African history. She is the former Anna Joubert, and comes from Wellington, Cape Province, a little town associated in earlier days with the Huguenot refugees.

6. A RETURN TO STARDOM ON A POOR WICKET: Gladys Cooper, born at Lewisham on December 18, 1888, who in recent years has excelled as a player of supporting roles in Hollywood films, delighted a first-night audience when she appeared in Henry Sherek's production of a new comedy, *The Hat Trick*. Miss Cooper takes the part of a middle-aged lady who practises on her husband, her daughter, and the daughter's presumptuous suitor the guile that made her in youth England's most deadly woman bowler.

7. BEHIND THE PETROL RELEASE: A man who had a great deal to do with the scheme for abolishing petrol rationing is Mr. Howard Page, neat, square-shouldered and slightly greying resident representative in London of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. In January he got his associates in New York to work on the complicated business of finding out how the Standard Oil company could use all the £2,140,000 a year they expected to earn in sterling from the extra petrol to buy sterling products for their own organisation. Abolition of rationing has freed more than 2,300 officials who were concerned in the control.

8. THE COMMODORE OF THE WEST HIGHLAND FLEET: Captain Duncan McKechnie, of the S.S. *Lochnevis*, who this year completes his fiftieth year with the same shipping company, has been taking MacLeods and MacDonalds by the hundred to the Isle of Skye, where Skye Week was recently staged.

9. HONOURS IN THE WORLD OF FLYING: The presentation of honours, medals and awards by the Royal Aeronautical Society took place recently in London. Major Halford was awarded the British Gold Medal for outstanding work in the design of air power plants, and Mr. C. G. Grey received the Certificate of Honorary Companion of the Society.

6. THE TRIUMPH OF GLADYS COOPER: Surrounded with flowers after her success in *The Hat Trick*

7. A BRIGHT IDEA FROM STANDARD OIL: Mr. Howard W. Page, who conceived the petrol plan

8. SKYE PILOT! Captain McKechnie, of the S.S. *Lochnevis*, who took a host of visitors to Portree

9. AERONAUTICAL HONOURS: Major Halford (right) and Mr. C. G. Grey (second from right) with the President and Vice-President, Royal Aeronautical Society

WHAT JIM LAKER OF SURREY DID TO THE REST OF ENGLAND: The scoreboard on the Bradford ground told this woeful tale when The Rest's innings closed for a mere 27 runs. In fourteen astonishing overs Laker took 8 wickets for 2 runs

MAKING CRICKET HISTORY

DEMON JIM LAKER'S INSPIRED BOWLING SPELL IN THE TEST TRIAL

A whole side beaten, baffled, bewildered and reduced to impotency was the spectacle which confronted spectators at the Bradford Test Trial last week when Jim Laker shattered the Test hopes of his opponents with a series of overs of vicious off-spin. It was probably the greatest débâcle ever seen in a major match on this Yorkshire ground, and, needless to say, there were plenty of Yorkshire cheers for Jim Laker, a Yorkshireman whom Surrey had the good luck to get into the county side. Laker flighted and spun the ball magnificently with a precision reminiscent of the late Hedley Verity. He is also no mean bat, as many may remember in 1948 when England made a disastrous start in the First Test against the Australians, and Jim Laker improved the day with a timely 63. Laker, who was born at Bradford, at one time played for Saltaire in the Bradford League—as a batsman. It was not until he turned to cricket for recreation in the Army when the Middle East campaign was over that he began to bowl seriously.

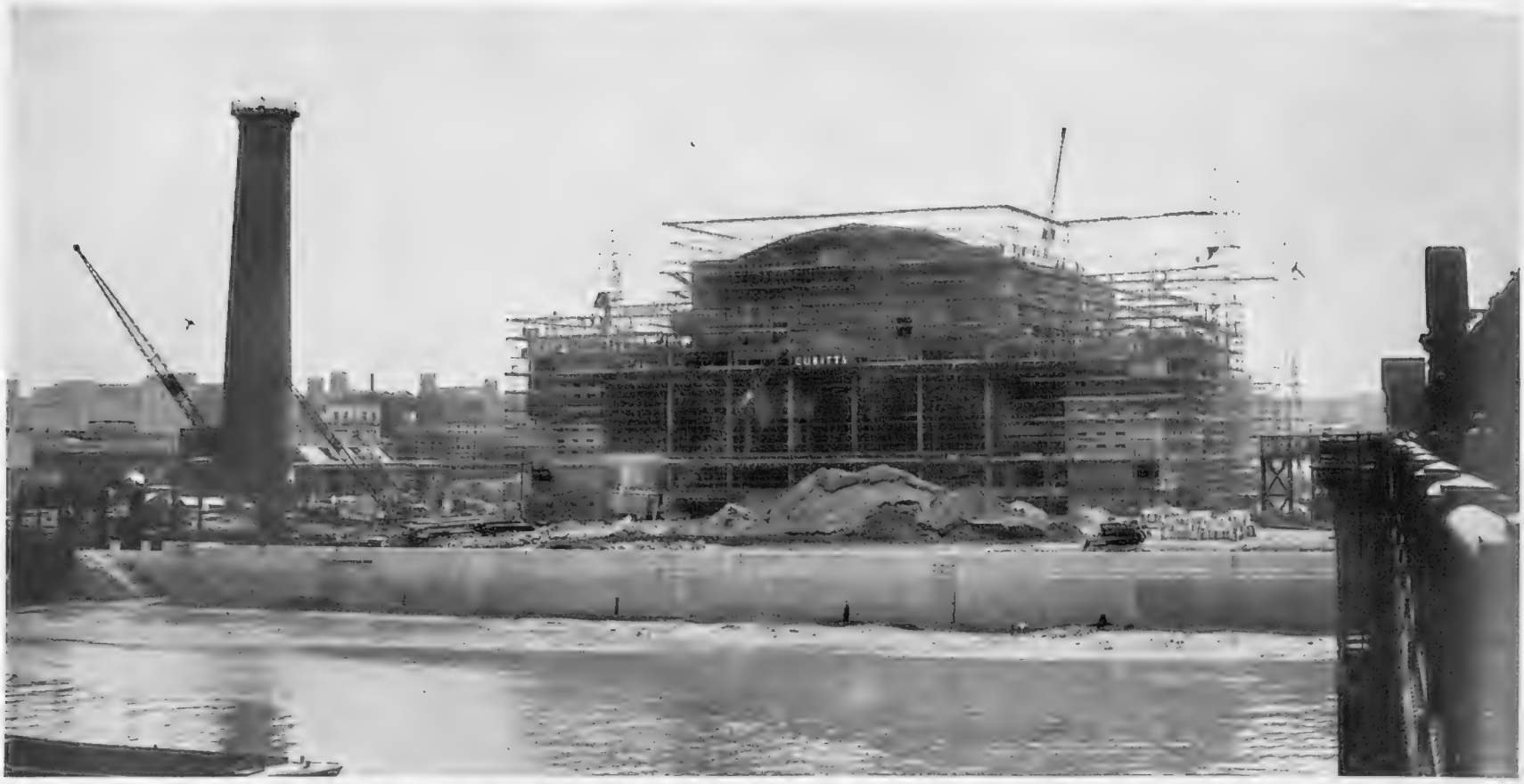
THE SURREY COMET SWEEPS ACROSS THE CRICKET HORIZON: Jim Laker, Yorkshire born, Surrey and England bowler, in action at Bradford in the Test Trial when he spun The Rest out in quick time. The pitch took spin in rare fashion, making the ball turn sharply, but all the same, it was an astonishing performance on Laker's part to have dismissed so cheaply what was presumed to be the second-best eleven available in this country. Laker was additionally helped with his off-breaks by a fall in the ground. He is to be presented by the Yorkshire Club with the ball in which he achieved this feat of demon bowling

THE ROT SETS IN—P. B. H. MAY, CAUGHT HUTTON, BOWLED LAKER 0: With the second ball of his first over Doggart was caught off Laker's bowling by the most forward of his three short legs, and it was off the fifth ball of the over that May edged the ball right into the hands of fine short leg. The Rest's score then stood at 10

SPOONER IS BOWLED BY LAKER FOR 0: This was a brilliant ball by which the batsman was utterly confused. Before the end of the over Laker took another wicket, dismissing Berry for nought. By that time it was becoming clear to the spectators that nothing could check the rout of The Rest

A FINE CATCH BY EVANS, ENGLAND'S BRILLIANT KEEPER: Kenyon, the opening batsman for The Rest, was dismissed in this fashion off Laker's bowling when Evans dived wide to the leg side to hold the ball in masterly style. Kenyon was top scorer for The Rest with a modest seven to his credit

WITH THE SECOND BALL OF HIS FIRST OVER DOGGART, THE CAMBRIDGE STAR, WAS CAUGHT BY BAILEY: Bailey, the most forward of three short legs, is seen falling to the ground as he holds the ball. Doggart, a brilliant run-getter, seemed confused by Laker's spin. Two days later he was picked for the first Test



THE PROGRESS OF THE NEW CONCERT HALL ON THE SITE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951 ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE THAMES: The £2,000,000 building, the only permanent structure on the site, as it now appears. The Festival organisers plan to open the hall in April 1951 with a week of important concerts. Then the Arts Council will take over for a London Festival of the Arts in May and June. Following that the London County Council will promote a series of concerts during the remaining Festival months. In front of the Concert Hall is part of the new granite embankment wall which has reclaimed just over four acres from the Thames and will be another permanent result of the Exhibition project. On the left is the old Shot Tower, which the organising committee has retained as a feature of the Exhibition grounds. In the foreground on the right is the bridge carrying the railway across the river from Charing Cross

RISE OF LONDON'S NEW CONCERT HALL

And Other News, Mainly from the London Area

A FAMILY AT CORK'S MEADOW PREPARES TO MOVE OUT: Local authorities are now bearing down on this site at St. Mary Cray, and intend to evict the dwellers

On left—

No one in St. Mary Cray, Kent, except the people who live there and the ground landlord, can be anxious to see the perpetuance of Cork's Meadow, but it appears there is much local criticism of the L.C.C.'s approach to the matter of evicting the tenants. The L.C.C. has at the time of writing made no offer for the land to Mr. Billy Cork, the owner, but he states he is willing to sell. Meanwhile he goes on collecting the rents, officially unaware that there have been any eviction orders.

THE NOTORIOUS GYPSY ENCAMPMENT AT CORK'S MEADOW, WITH CARAVANS AND SHACKS GROUPED ROUND THE GASOMETERS: The owner of the land is still collecting the rents and has not given the dwellers notice. The London County Council, however, has given the inhabitants notice to quit

THE PROGRESS OF A 94-FT. GIRDER THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON: The girder, which comes from Westwoods at Millwall and is destined for a railway bridge over the Grand Union Canal at New Cross, had to make a roundabout journey of fifty miles, although Westwoods works was only two miles from the canal bridge site. Here the girder is being manœuvred into West Ferry Road, Millwall, round a right-angle bend allowing a very modest margin. *On left*—The girder negotiating an even more difficult bend at Cahir Street. It was taken by road across London to Marylebone, and there transferred to the railway and taken through to New Cross. All other routes proved impracticable as they involved taking the curve of the Rotherhithe Tunnel

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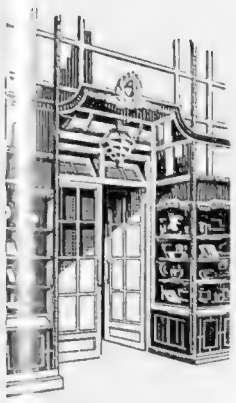

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE AGE OF THE PITTS AND FOXES

Two Families Who Belong to Parliamentary History Provide a Weighty but Entertaining New Volume

FOR more than seventy years in the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, a Pitt and a Fox had the ear of the House of Commons, made their marks, fathers and sons, on their century and died within eight months of each other. William Pitt and Henry Fox; Pitt the Younger and Charles James Fox, all belong to English and to Parliamentary history. Although different from each other in mind, ability, character and conviction, Parliament could be proud of all four, and their story, PITT V. FOX: FATHER AND SON (Bell; 21s.), has now been written by Mr. Erich Eyck in a ponderous but fascinating volume that has been translated by Mr. Eric Northcott.

"Many were the defects and shortcomings of the Parliament of eighteenth-century England," writes the author, "yet it was not only the stage, but also the cradle of great men. Where else in the whole of Europe, before the French Revolution, was there a setting so favourable to the development of character and talent?" Mr. Eyck expands this thesis and illustrates it by a recital of the careers of these political figures, three of whom had real greatness, and all of whom were public servants in the finest sense.

It was President Truman, in our own day, who asked Admiral Leahy to bring together the notes and diaries he had made and kept during the war, so that they should be available for public reading, and the result is another physically hefty but immensely interesting book; I WAS THERE (Gollancz. 25s.). Although the title, and occasionally the content, recall some of the autobiographical excesses of that mercurial breed, the war correspondent, the book naturally has a very great deal that was of the first importance at the time, and is still of considerable interest. For instance, it is amusing and possibly instructive to learn that in 1944 the mention of the name MacArthur in Washington generated more heat than light, and that Stalin could be brutally blunt to the point of rudeness. Admiral Leahy was U.S. Ambassador to Vichy France before he was appointed Chief of Staff to Roosevelt and later Truman, and his accounts of diplomatic—and undiplomatic—behaviour there make absorbing reading, particularly when he quotes from such documents as Darlan's furious and insulting letter to him in March 1942. Altogether, an exceptional book; controversial, didactic and never dull.

The next books deal with more closely personal subjects, and have a very different kind of appeal to the reader. Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, in his eighty-ninth year, writes METHUSELAH'S DIARY (Hutchinson. 16s.) and proves that he retains his zest, his humour and his appreciation of such good things as Latour, 1920, and the conversation of friends. His book of reminiscences covers a few summer months, and although he says of it that it might be called "Scrapiana," it is delightfully entertaining, and so indicative of the author's own good-humoured philosophy that its reading positively does one good. Nevertheless, there is nothing saccharine about Mr. Vachell's writing, which has more real affinity with a good *sauce Bearnaise*, bland but with piquant ingredients. In that connection he writes that his daughter told him that his detailed recipe for Chicken Maryland was the best thing in his book.

Lady Cynthia Asquith's book of memoirs, HAPLY I MAY REMEMBER (James Barrie. 15s.), has quality but is uneven enough to be irritating. Some of the scenes of her sheltered and privileged childhood are beautifully drawn; some of them so incomplete that they are no more than tantalising. Lady Cynthia grew up in a beautiful house, and spent holidays in others almost as lovely, all of which must have fed the sense of beauty which seems to be so dominant a part of her. She was a member of an exceptionally good-looking family, and the chapter in which she deals with the painters to whom she has sat, contains writing more nearly lively than anything else in the book, which, on the whole, is more remarkable for good manners and restraint than for the trenchant touch. Among the portraits have been ones by Burne-Jones, Charles Furse, the Duchess of Rutland and her daughter, Lady (Oliver) Lodge, Mrs. Harry Cust, Lady Norah Brassey, Wilfred de Glehn, Sargent Tonks, McEvoy and Augustus John, an extraordinary and impressive list.

SHEDDING NEW LIGHT ON LAFCADIO HEARN: Kazuo Koizumi, fifty-eight-year-old son of the late Lafcadio Hearn, Greco-Irish author and interpreter of Japan, seen in his Tokyo home, where he is working on a biography of his father, using much hitherto unpublished data. Hearn, who was Professor of English at Tokyo University from 1896 to 1903, married a Japanese wife and became naturalised as a Japanese subject. He professed Buddhism. Hearn died in 1904

Mr. Peter Donnelly's autobiography differs in every particular from the last, as much in mood as in circumstances. He spent his childhood on a small hillside farm in Ireland, was prepared during seven years for the priesthood, and finally came to England, where he went to work, after a number of unsatisfactory jobs and a period on the dole, in a steelworks in Barrow. Each successive stage of his career, and every step in the development of his mind and character is described with intimate care, and Mr. Donnelly is frank in his self-analysis. THE YELLOW ROCK (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) is the story of a young man's adjustment to the world in which he must live, and as such has candour and a serious intention.

DESPERATE VOYAGE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is another young man's story, but in this case it is one of physical adventure. Mr. John Caldwell found himself in Panama at the end of the war, with his wife in Sydney. Shipping in either direction was scarce, and there seemed no prospect of his getting home for months or even a year. So he bought a boat, a 29-footer, and sailed her alone across the Pacific. Not only did he not know how to navigate—he didn't know how to sail, and he had 9,000 miles in front of him. He got as far as the Fiji Islands, about 6,000 miles of it, before the boat was wrecked on a coral reef and he crawled ashore having done the last 1,000 miles without the compass or navigating instruments he had lost in a hurricane. This is as exciting a story as any man could write, or anyone wish to read. It is not literature, and the young Texan has made no attempt to write in the grand manner; he has simply put down what happened and how he felt, and the result is a memorably thrilling book.

Mr. John D. Greenway's book may be read as a recital of the lighter side of a diplomatist's life, or as a series of fishing adventures in unexpected places all over the world. In either case it is entertaining and written with a light-heartedness that is more than welcome. FISH, FOWL AND FOREIGN LANDS (Faber. 12s. 6d.), though it has not the most inviting of titles, is a thoroughly enjoyable book which requires no more from its reader than a receptive mind and a taste for vicarious travel. The Foreign Service seems to have been a godsend to Mr. Greenway, for it is difficult to see how else, unless a millionaire, he could conveniently have whisked so easily from sea-trout fishing in Scandinavia to mouflon shooting with the Shah of Persia, or from duck shooting in Egypt to point duty as a special constable in London during the war. At present he is British Minister in Panama, where his relief from desk and diplomatic work seems to be catching such speedy exotics as sailfish and wah[illegible], a recipe, perhaps, for the well-balanced life.

Of this week's novels, the two most outstanding are set in days long gone by, as with Mr. C. S. Forester's excellent new one, MR. MIDSHIPMAN HORNBLOWER (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.). I envy those people [illegible] come freshly to their Hornblower with this n[illegible] for they will now be able to trace the incompar[illegible] gentleman through all the years of his campaigns and triumphs. But even to one who, like myself, has read and re-read every available word in the series, this step back in time is a thing of pleasure, too. So this was Hornblower as a boy, was it? Well, one might [illegible] expected that diffidence, and those first signs of g[illegible] seamanship and that unmusical but alert ear. K[illegible] ing him so well, one can read the present tale of his young exploits with the same half-wistful attention that one would give the early pages of a family album. The boy's shaping well here, and there are thousan[illegible] of us who know, in our Jove-like way, just how greatly that promise is going to be fulfilled.

THE GREAT MOGUL (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is a story full of colour and scent and heat, and full, too, of the sounds and music of the East that Mr. Robert Payne knows so well. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, a boy comes to India from Plymouth, and there he spends four full years at the Court of the Emperor Shah Jehan, that same Emperor who, in his wife's memory, built the exquisite columns and domes of the Taj Mahal. This is an adventure story, and a good one, but it is also an introduction of a fresh and vital kind to some of the most amazing pages of India's long history.

FRANCE, WALES AND SWITZERLAND

Three Surveys of Varying Merit

There will probably never be a more colourful book about France than that near-classic *The Land of France*, by Ralph Dutton and Lord Holden, which was marked by fine writing and good photography, bringing to life every section of that "gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease." Now from the same publishing house comes a volume that is colourful enough, for every picture is a reproduction from a colour photograph, but which sadly belies its brief but all-embracing title FRANCE (Batsford. 27s. 6d.). The photographs are by K. Peter Karfield and the introduction is by George Renwick. Neither of them can show convincingly that here is the real France, though they take us from Lisieux, St. Malo and Mont St. Michel in the north to the Cote d'Azur near Mentone, where the French and Italian frontiers meet. In between they do justice to the Loire and Rhone Valleys, the one with its stately demesnes, the other with its ancient Roman cities; but of the great natural wonders of the Central Massif, of Auvergne and Limousin, of the spectacular country between Tarn and Lot, of the Cevennes, where Stevenson goaded Modestine, there is no hint. The little sun-drenched towns of the Vendee and the Charente, where the earth is scorched a dull brown in summer and the oxen plod; the green loveliness of the Dordogne; Montpellier and Seté, for ever dreaming in the sun; Chambery and Annecy in lofty Savoy, all have no part in this beautifully bound and presented, but far from comprehensive, book, which incidentally opens with its only unworthy photograph, a picture postcard impression of that 7,000-ton wonder of Victorian France, the Eiffel Tower. With that and a view of Notre Dame from the Seine the fair city of Paris is dismissed.

Happy are the countries which have no history, but a generous share of the world's natural beauty. Wales and Switzerland have much in common in this respect, and both form the subject of new volumes. Tudor Edwards is the author of THE FACE OF WALES (Batsford. 12s. 6d.). This talented young Welsh writer has attempted to pick out all that is most distinctive in the buildings and scenery of the Principality, and in doing so he draws attention to much that will be strange not only to outsiders but also to his fellow Welshmen. On the Welsh Marches it was the author's intention to exclude everything in the County of Monmouthshire, but he evidently could not resist making reference to romantic Llanthony Abbey in the Black Mountains, the Monmouthshire enclave between Brecknock and Herefordshire, closely associated with the names of Father Ignatius, Eric Gill and Walter Savage Landor. While he was about it Mr. Edwards should have journeyed down the Usk to Caerleon, the Isca Silurum of the Romans, the seat of the Arthurian legend. Only in a technical sense could it be held to be part of England, and in these days most authorities accept the line of the Bloringe and the Usk as the true dividing line. His is an admirable survey, however, and, as ever with Batsford books, the photography reaches a high standard. John Russell is the author of SWITZERLAND (Batsford. 15s.), a survey in which he takes a firmly original line, looking at Switzerland with something of the same eye that Italy, for example, demands. The beauties of mountain and lake are not ignored, but stress is laid essentially on the country's cultural heritage. We learn of the baroque beauties of Einsiedeln and St. Gallen, the civic architecture of Zurich, Parrentruy, Basle and Schaffhausen, the chapels of the Ticino and the castles of the Valais, and of the celebrated men from Voltaire and Gibbon to Henry James and Gerald Manley Hopkins, who have lived in Switzerland and admired it.

Anything that Christopher Fry translates emerges with his own imprint well and truly upon it, and so it is with that joyous charade with music, Jean Anouilh's RING ROUND THE MOON (Methuen. 6s.). Many who have seen the play, and regretted their inability to catch every *nouance* of the swift-flowing dialogue, will welcome this edition.

The "English Cathedrals" Series is now enriched by G. H. Cook's PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN (Phœnix House. 12s. 6d.), a superb volume which deals in word and picture with one of the greatest of England's shrines, the cathedral of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Although Lincoln took 300 years to build, the outstanding impression it conveys, both in close-up pictures and from afar, is one of glorious architectural uniformity.

In the Faber Gallery are three new volumes for the art student, BYZANTINE PAINTING, with an introduction and notes by Gervase Mathew, TITIAN, with an introduction and notes by James Laver, and IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS, with an introduction and notes by Elizabeth Rothenstein. All three are published by Faber and Faber at 8s. 6d. James Laver describes Titian's art as "high summer," running the whole gamut of colour, as compared with the Primavera of Botticelli.

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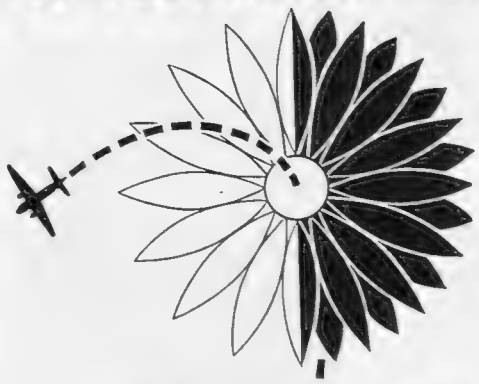

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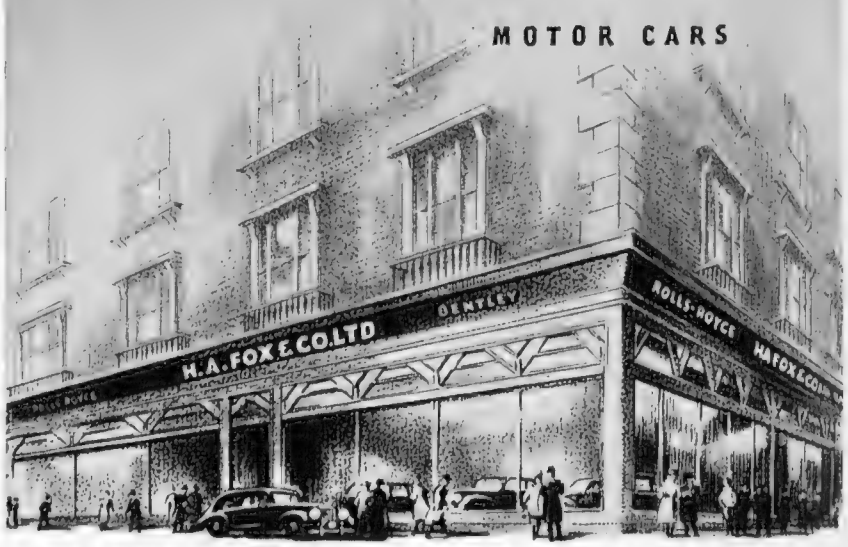

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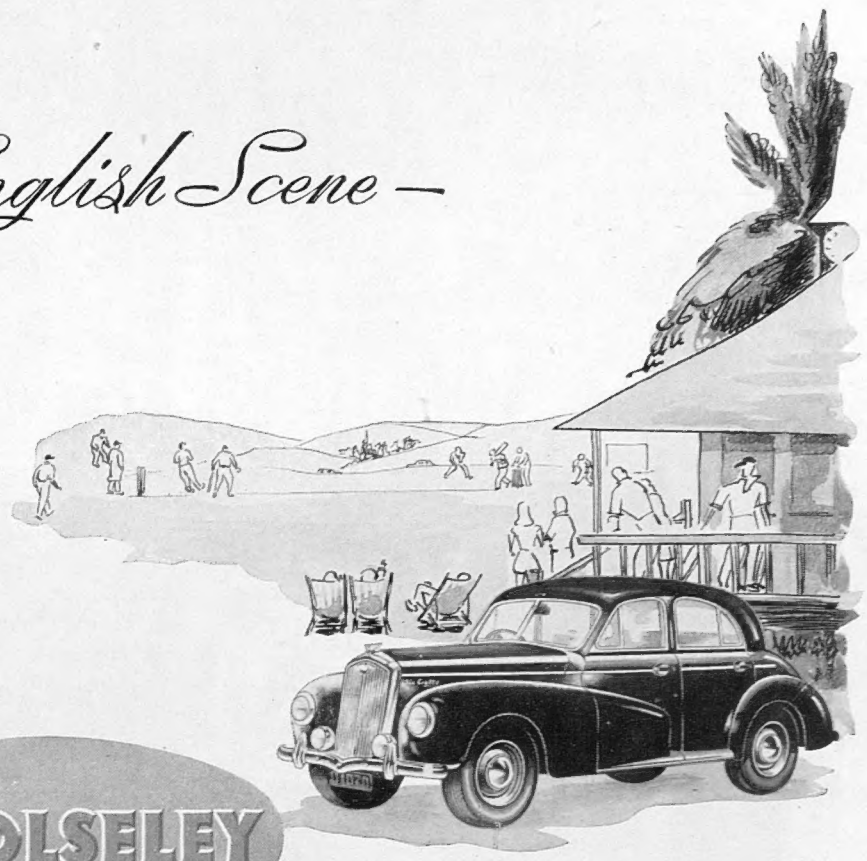

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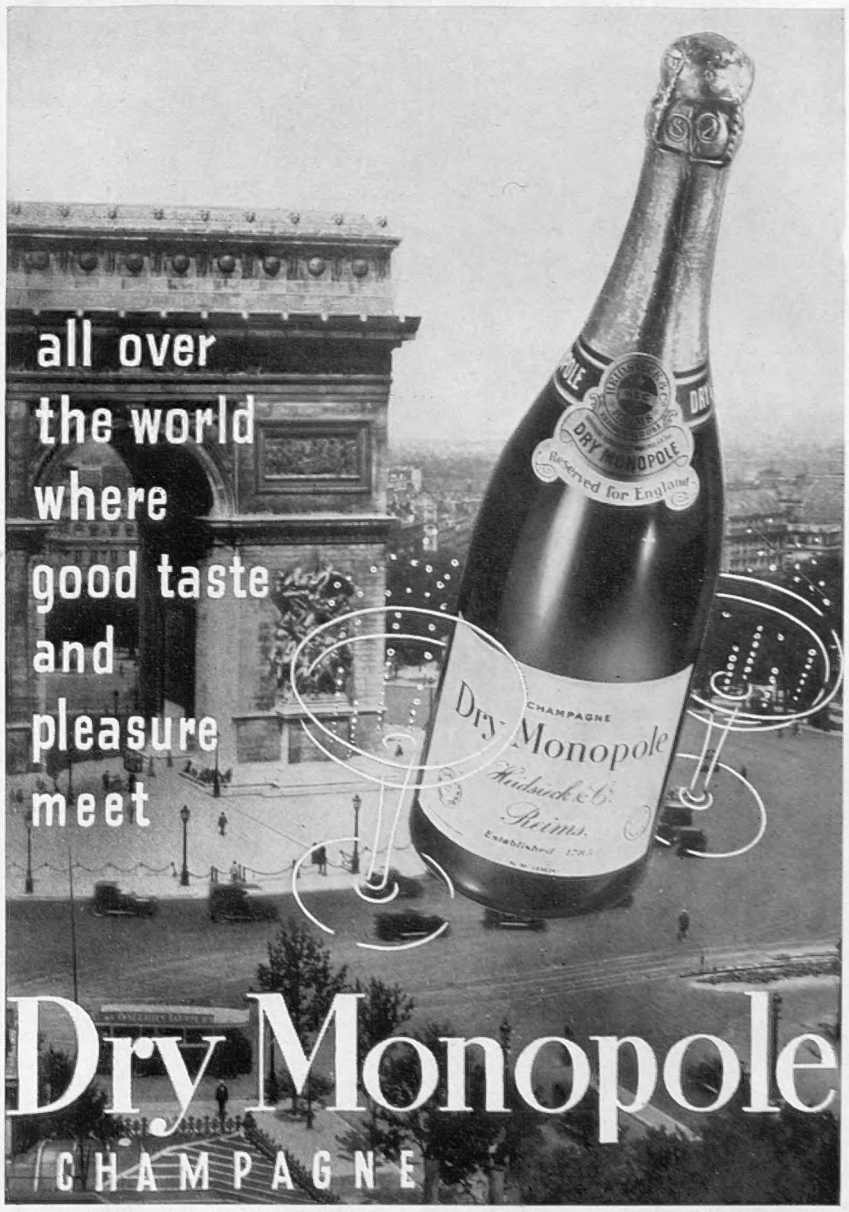

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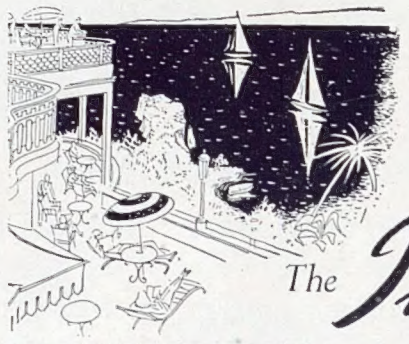

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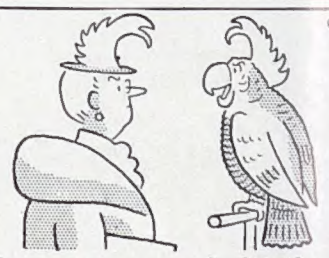

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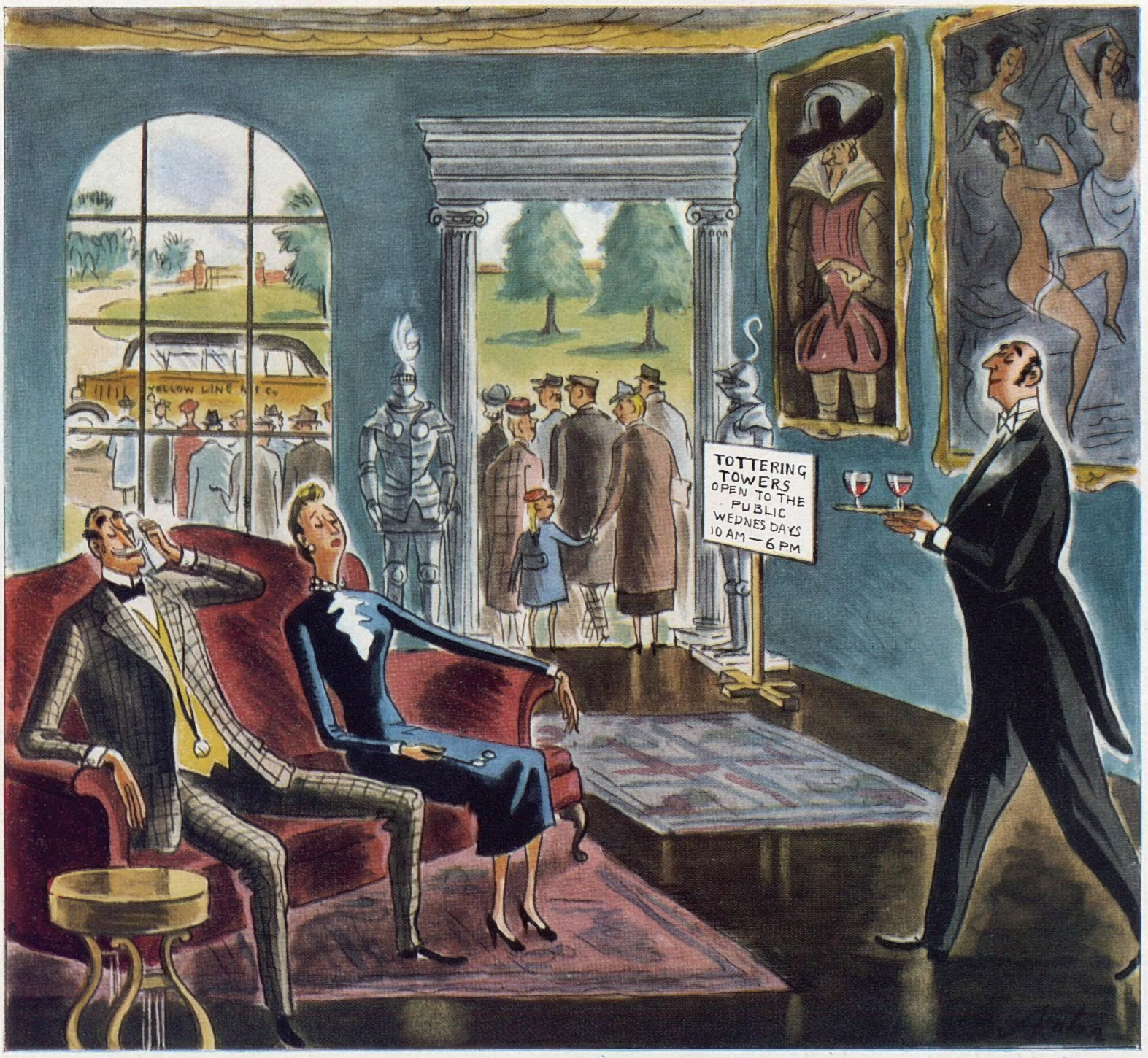

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